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THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

SERIOUS-MINDED men have tried in vain to discover who this little fellow in the picture might be. They have looked at him, then taken off their spectacles, polished them, and looked again. They have not only studied the picture itself, but have ransacked old records, musty papers, and even read whole histories in order to give this bright-faced boy a name. And yet he remains a mystery — an Unknown.

All we are told is that he was painted by the great Dutch master, Rembrandt, somewhere about 1655, the very year, perhaps, in which he pictured his own son Titus, whose portrait was lately shown in ST. NICHOLAS. But this boy is younger than Titus, and, judging by his velvet cap with its red feather and white, his rich cloak and soft gray suit, he may well have belonged to some noble or even royal family.

Such was indeed the thought during a long time, and, until lately, he was called young William the Third, of Orange. Yet this was a mistake, for though the wiseheads cannot tell us who he is, they can tell us who he is not, and that is something. While the picture is not unlike certain portraits we have of the boy Prince of Orange, we know that Rembrandt never painted any grand folk. The great man was at this time poor, obscure, and badgered by creditors and bailiffs, and would hardly have been asked to paint the portrait of a child whose mother was a proud king's daughter, and whose grand-

mother also was a very haughty woman, named Amalia van Solms. Then, too, there is no sign nor token about the picture to prove that the boy was of high estate. He seems just a joyous creature who looks around, half in surprise, while he holds in one hand a toy — a punchinello, perhaps.

Prince or little townsman, he is a radiant vision, all silver and scarlet, put upon the canvas, it may be, in a single afternoon, at the big house in Jodenbreestraat, there in Amsterdam, when things were beginning to be so bitter and to look so black. The picture is unfinished, so perhaps the painter laid aside his palette and brushes to go below and haggle with money-lenders or gruff court's officers. Yet it is none the less the most delightful of all the master's works, the sweetest, the frankest. Indeed, nothing in art has ever quite equaled the silver-and-scarlet sheen of this chance picture, the beauty of the boy's beaming face, blond curls, and lips parted as though he would speak or laugh.

Perhaps, after all, this is not the portrait of a particular boy. It may have been intended for something better and finer than a mere likeness. However that may be, it seems a sort of picture of any child — a symbol of childhood. In it we surely see the wonder and the wistfulness of all those little ones, boys or girls, who stand so timidly on the threshold of life.

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THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE SANDS.

BY WILLIAM P. RICHARDSON.

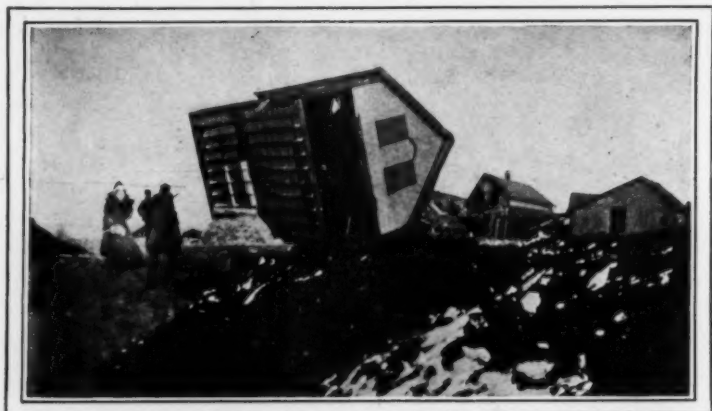
IF the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who live far away from the ocean could have made a winter's trip to the sea-shore, on November 26 and 27, 1898, at almost any point on the New England coast, they would have witnessed the most terrible storm which has visited that region for at least a half-century.

The scene was indescribable. The wind blew a hurricane; blinding, driving snow obscured everything; the sea, having risen to a great height, sweeping over the beaches, flooded all low lands; while the waves, breaking on the shore

small craft to large passenger ocean steamers, were destroyed, and to the present day the list of victims of the storm has never been accurately made up.

For many months after, at various points alongshore, masts of sunken unknown vessels could be seen above water, each marking the spot where some unlucky craft had gone to the bottom with all her crew.

Although the entire coast-line of the New England States was affected by the storm, the most serious damage and loss was experienced



"HOUSES WERE OVERTURNED AND CARRIED FAR FROM THEIR ORIGINAL PLACES." (SEE PAGE 670.)

with a roaring and crashing that rivaled the explosion of heavy artillery, combined to make the scene grand and terrible and one to be long remembered.

Not since the storm of 1851, when Minot's Light, one of the most noted lighthouses on our coasts, was destroyed, has any storm approached this one in severity. Coming without warning as it did, the storm of 1898 caught a large number of coasting-vessels in situations of great danger, and the consequent destruction of marine property and loss of life were appalling.

Nearly two hundred vessels of all kinds, from

on the Massachusetts coast, from the extreme end of Cape Cod, that long, narrow line of land which extends for many miles far out into the ocean, to a point about a hundred miles north of Boston.

On the night the storm began, the large ocean steamer "Portland," the regular passenger-boat plying between Boston and Portland, Maine, left her dock in Boston, bound for the eastern city, and having on board about a hundred and fifty passengers. When the ship had passed out into open water it encountered the terrible sea, which was running mast-high,

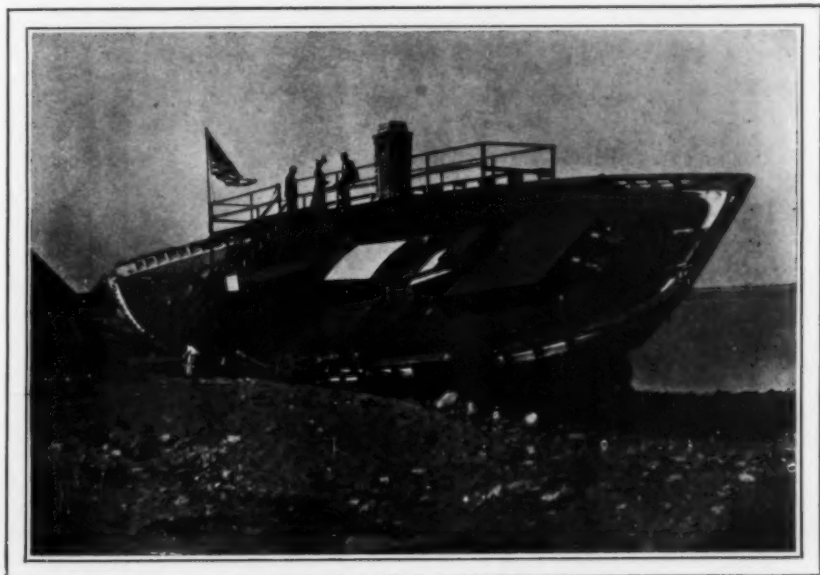


THE WRECK OF THE PILOT-BOAT "COLUMBIA."

and undoubtedly soon after foundered and went to the bottom of the bay with her passengers and crew—just where no one knows. Some little wreckage and a few bodies drifted up on the

sands of Cape Cod were all that told the world the sad story of the missing steamer.

The long ocean-front was lined with wrecked and battered vessels, some being wrecked with-

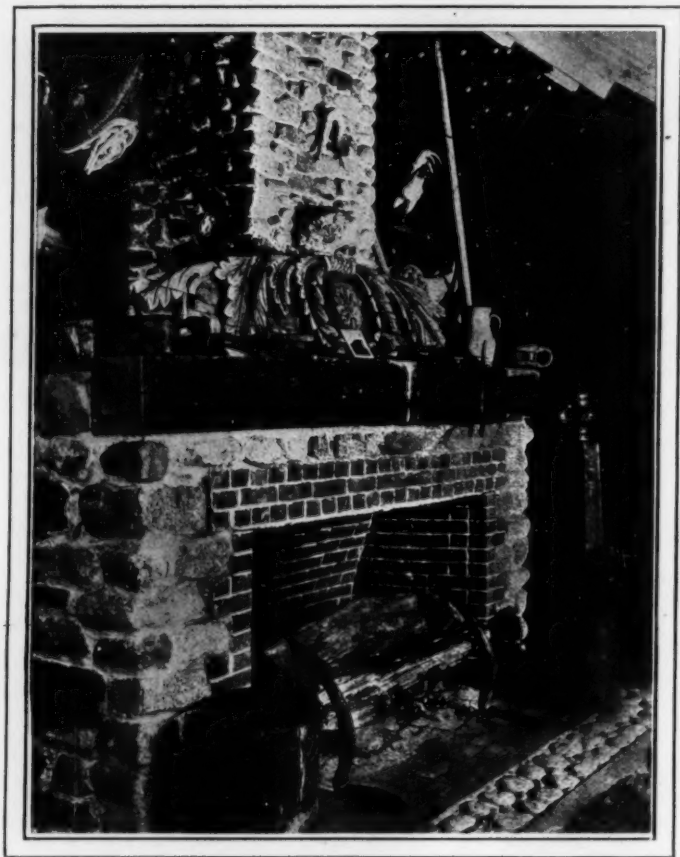


THE PILOT-BOAT AS TRANSFORMED INTO THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE SANDS.

out loss of life, while others suffered the loss of a part or the whole of their crews.

The damage to property on land along this same stretch of country amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Little villages along the shore and widely known summer resorts

Almost every house along the beach suffered more or less; the huge "roller-coaster" was torn down and destroyed in the twinkling of an eye; houses were overturned and carried far from their original resting-places; and the whole beach had such a wrecked appearance the day



THE MARINE FIREPLACE IN THE HOUSE-BOAT.

alike caught the full force of the storm, for the sea rose high enough to flood places never known to have been reached before and thought to be well above any possible high-water mark. Many beaches were practically ruined and the features of the country materially changed in numerous places.

The beach at Nantasket was turned upside down and damaged almost beyond repair.

after the storm that it seemed an impossibility that the popular resort could ever be restored.

Miles of railroad tracks running along the shore were washed away, telegraph and telephone poles were leveled to the ground, and for several days many places were cut off from communication with even the nearer towns.

Many sad evidences of the storm still remain. One of these, the subject of our illustrations,

lies on the beach in the little village of Scituate, Massachusetts, just where the mountainous seas left it on that fateful Sunday morning. This wreck was once the pride of the Boston pilots,

inbound ships, leaving the pilot-boat herself in charge of a crew of five of the most skilful seamen who sailed the seas.

Skill and seamanship, however, could avail



A BEDROOM IN THE HOUSE-BOAT.

those brave and hardy sailors who daily hazard their lives on the ocean in order to bring others into safe harbors.

"Pilot-boat No. 2," known as the "Columbia," was as staunch a craft as ever braved an ocean's storm; built for the service in which she was engaged—a noble boat which had weathered many a gale and come through in safety. When the storm commenced the boat was well out in the bay, homeward bound; the entire staff of pilots had one by one been put on board

little in such a hurricane. It is supposed that the boat-keeper, finding they were getting into shoal water, dropped both anchors, thinking he could safely ride out the storm.

The terrific power of the waves parted both anchor-chains, and the boat was swept to destruction, and the five brave sailors to their death.

The craft was wrecked among a cluster of summer residences, and when thrown up by the sea the wreck must have struck three cottages.

When found, the boat rested among the remains of one house, a second had disappeared, — evidently washed away by the huge rollers which swept over the beach, — and a third was badly wrecked and had been moved quite a little distance from the site where it formerly stood.

its rail level with the beach sand, and its keel pointing off to sea. A floor was laid the full length, and the hull was then divided into three spacious rooms.

On entering by the door on the inshore side, a huge fireplace is the first feature that greets



IN THE ATTIC OF THE WRECK.

The stranded vessel was bought by Mr. Otis Barker, a resident of the village, who is quite a collector of curios. He had the idea of converting the wreck into a beach-house; and he succeeded so admirably that during the past summer it was the objective point of interest to all the visitors to the shore, hundreds visiting the novel house-boat. In the transformation the present owner spent much money.

The vessel's hull lay on its broadside, with

the eye. This is artistically designed, and built from beach rocks — as is the chimney which protrudes above the deck.

The mantelpiece, nine feet long, is an immense white-oak beam, which was one of the boat's bitts; a large crane hangs over the fire, and the andirons are fashioned from two boat's-anchors. Altogether, the fireplace and its fixtures is a ponderous affair.

The living-room, twenty-six by sixteen feet,

is furnished with fittings suggestive of the sea: a lobster-pot hangs on the wall as a paper-rack, and nets, harpoons, and other fishing-gear are seen here and there; a table has been made from one of the vessel's hatch-covers, and another from the craft's foretop; several seats have been sawed from sections of masts, and one seat is contrived from a section of whale's backbone, with legs made of oars.

Mementos from some ancient wrecks are here also. We noticed especially the quarter-board of the ship "Forest Queen," an East Indian trading-ship wrecked on the beach a few miles away some fifty years ago, and the figurehead of the ship "Cordelia," wrecked near here in 1811. Another relic sure to attract the eye is the rudder of Daniel Webster's yacht "Lapwing."

The other two rooms in the house-boat are fitted for sleeping-rooms.

A part of the cottage on which the wreck rested was repaired, and, being moved back a few feet, it makes an excellent kitchen or dining-room for parties who lodge in the novel house.

A long platform, erected over the boat, looks very much like the bridge of an ocean steamer; seats run along its length, and it is an ideal spot from which to view the ocean, giving an unobstructed view of the whole bay. Minot's Light rises from the ocean five miles away.

To protect this relic of the storm of 1898 from destruction during the winter, a break-water or bulkhead has been built on the ocean side, and it is expected that the wreck will be preserved for many years to come.



THREE SHIPS.

THREE ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky;
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By and By.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing.
Take them, sweet, or they 'll be going,
For they every one have wings.

The second ship it is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea

And out across the twilight gray.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing,
Was too dear for my assessing,
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By and By.

O Wind, be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither.
When she turns, sweet, you 'll go with
her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither—
To what port I may not know.

Harriet F. Blodgett.

THE RISE OF SHARKSFIN.

BY SIDFORD F. HAMP.



WE were assembled in the "cubby-hole" one bright October evening, Bob and I and "The Bishop." Bob was busy screwing little screws into the lock of a rifle; I was standing opposite, with my elbows on the greasy old table, watching him; while the Bishop sat bolt upright on the floor, solemnly superintending the operation.

The cubby-hole had been, originally, a chicken-house, as any fastidious person would see the moment he put his head inside it; but, of course, a trifle like that did not trouble us two boys. It was Bob's own particular sanctum, where he was at liberty to make as much mess as ever he liked, and he evidently liked a good deal, to judge from the accumulation of "treasures" with which the place was littered.

We had a great design on foot—no less than a hunting-trip, all by ourselves, into the mountains at the back of the Sharksfen.

But, before I go any further, I must explain who I am, and who Bob is, not forgetting our very good friend the Bishop, and how it happened that we three came to be assembled in the cubby-hole that evening.

To begin with myself,—which may not be polite, but happens to be convenient,—my name is Harry Maynard, and my father is, or rather was at that time, a mining engineer in Pittsburg.

In that grimy city I had spent all the fourteen years of my existence, when, two months before the opening of this story, I had received an invitation from my uncle, Steven Markham, Bob's father, to come out and spend a year with them on the ranch. Naturally I had jumped at the chance—he would be a strange boy, I think, who would not jump

at the chance—of exchanging the smoky streets of Pittsburg for the brilliant air and glorious sunshine of the Colorado mountains.

Within a week of receiving my invitation I was flying through the Rockies behind a little narrow-gage engine, and wondering whether the engineer were not crazy to run at such a reckless pace through such a very crooked country. First we would rush into a great crevice in the earth, so deep and narrow that the rays of the sun seldom pierced to the bottom of it; then we would "flip" around a corner and come out upon a little level stretch of ground, catching a brief glimpse of a log cabin, a small potato-patch, and a tow-headed boy sitting on a gate; and then, with a warning toot, we would dive into a tunnel, and before we had had time to cough the smoke out of our lungs we would be out again at the other end, slowing up at a wayside station. There we would wait two or three minutes, while the squat little engine panted and puffed, trying to get its breath again, and then, with a clang-clang of the bell, off we would start once more, to go through the whole performance over again.

I am not likely to forget that journey, or the ten-mile drive in the dark with Uncle Steve from the railroad to the ranch, or, still less, the hearty welcome I received when I arrived. It is enough to say that I immediately became one of the family, and was made to feel that I "belonged there."

The first two months of my stay on the ranch were devoted to the objects of learning the ways of the country and getting fat—both very congenial occupations, and both carried out under the able supervision of Cousin Bob.

Bob was a little older than myself, and about half as big again. He was as strong as a pony, a capital shot, and an excellent rider.

He did not know much about books, certainly, but he was well up in all matters pertaining to ranch management, and was very well able to take care of himself.

With Bob for a mentor I made acquaintance with the mysteries of ranch life—cow-punching, horse-breaking, irrigating, and a thousand other things. I became a very respectable shot with a rifle, and could hit a prairie-dog at a hundred yards about twice out of three shots—and I tell you that is good shooting, for a prairie-dog at a hundred yards is a very small target.

In all our excursions about the ranch—and they were many—we were invariably accompanied by the Bishop. The Bishop, of course, was a dog, a very large dog,—I think he was meant for a mastiff,—and he belonged exclusively to Bob. His remarkably solemn and dignified demeanor had earned for him the title of "The Bishop," though that was usually abbreviated to "Bish," and wherever Bob went his episcopal satellite went too.

The ranch itself was situated at the head of the San Pedro valley, on the tongue of land formed by the San Pedro and Sharksfín creeks. At the back of the house, sheltering it from the north winds, was a long, high, precipitous ridge, ending with a sharp-pointed mountain, more than two thousand feet high, which, from its peculiar shape, was called the "Sharksfin." Behind this, again, was a wild, rough country, mostly covered with spruce- and pine-trees, and much cut up by streams, but having occasional park-like stretches of grass-land, and now and then a patch of meadow where the beavers had dammed the creeks and backed the water up. It was in this wild region that we intended to make our hunting-trip.

Our preparations were about completed. The two rifles and the shot-gun were cleaned and oiled; the two-wheeled dump-cart was loaded with blankets, provisions, and utensils; old "Sandy," the mule, had been caught up out of the pasture, and was now standing in the stable, enjoying the unusual luxury of a feed of oats; and everything was ready for an early start the following day.

Accordingly, long before sunrise next morning, we fed and harnessed old Sandy, ran the

cart, already loaded, out of the shed, and having fortified ourselves with a hearty breakfast, "hitched up" and started, amid the acclamations of the family.

Our first half-mile, being downhill, was done at a smart trot, with old Bish going on before, tail erect, and evidently feeling very proud of himself at being the leader of such a stylish turnout; but when we struck the creek and, turning to the right, began following it up, our pace was reduced to a walk, and so continued all the rest of the day.

Just as the sun rose, flooding the whole valley with light, we entered the gloomy portals of the Sharksfín Cañon.

The sudden change from the bright sunlight of the valley to the chill and darkness of the cañon had rather a depressing effect upon me at first, but it did not seem to trouble Bob in the least. He sat on the top of the "grub-box," cheerfully whistling "John Brown's Body,"—though the jolting of the cart rendered it rather a gusty and disjointed performance,—and apparently feeling perfectly well satisfied with himself as well as with all about him.

He was always a cheerful fellow, though, ever ready to laugh if you gave him the least excuse, and never seeming to be "put out," no matter how uncomfortable and unexpected his surrounding circumstances might be. Under his genial influence I soon recovered my spirits, and we jogged contentedly along over the so-called road—it was merely a wood-road, made for hauling fence-poles and firewood down to the ranch—until we emerged from the cañon at its upper end and came out into a little open valley. At this point we turned off to the right once more, and, leaving the road, struck off into the hills that led up to the back of the Sharksfín. About five o'clock we climbed out of the narrow gully we had been ascending, and found ourselves on a little grassy plateau of four or five acres, tucked away between two great ribs of rock at the very foot of the Sharksfín.

This was the spot that Bob had been making for all day, and here we prepared to camp. It was an ideal camping-place—well sheltered, plenty of grass for the mule, an unlimited

supply of fire-wood, and a tinkling stream of ice-cold water right at our very feet. We at once went to work to make our camp. Having unharnessed old Sandy and turned him loose, knowing from experience that he would not wander far away, I started the fire and put the coffee-pot on to boil, while Bob cut a lot of pine-boughs to spread the blankets on, and proceeded to make the beds while there was still daylight—which it is always advisable to do, if you can; otherwise you may find three or four pine-cones or an ants' nest under your blankets.

We had a glorious supper of beefsteak and coffee, and very soon after dark went to bed, thoroughly tired. The crackling of the camp-fire aroused me, and I found that it was daylight, and that Bob was up getting the breakfast ready.

"Now," said Bob, as he squatted on his heels, washing the tin plates and cups, after breakfast, and handing them to me to dry—"now, what shall be the order of the day?"

We discussed the subject fully, and decided to hunt that day, especially as our beef was all gone, and, unless we could shoot something, we should be obliged to begin on our salt bacon. So after putting the grub-box back into the cart, and covering it over with the blankets in order that old Sandy might not get at it, we started out with our faces to the wind, each with a crust of bread in his pocket by way of dinner.

For several hours we tramped up and down the mountains without seeing any game. Signs of deer there were in plenty, but the deer themselves remained invisible. Once there was a great crackling of sticks and splashing of water in a bunch of high willows we had just passed, but nothing was to be seen. It was probably a deer, but, as Bob said, it was no use going after him—he had winded us, and would be in the next county in about ten minutes. Another time, as we were ascending a steep hill, old Bish, who had hitherto followed behind us, suddenly sprang, growling, to the front, walking on the very tips of his toes, with all his bristles erect. Bob and I stopped.

"What is it?" I said.

"Don't know; bear, I think. Look out—there he goes!" Bob answered in a low tone.

As he spoke a big black object popped out of a small clump of young pines and made off up the hill with a lumbering gait, but with surprising quickness, nevertheless. Bob threw up his rifle, but a tree was in the way, and before he could get a sight on the bear it was over the hill and gone; and I must say that I was not at all sorry; I did not care about shooting at bears unless I were first safely up a tree.

It seemed as if we should be reduced to a diet of salt bacon after all, but after tramping all day without getting a shot at anything, as we were on our way back to camp empty-handed, we were suddenly startled by a strange whistling sound. I looked at Bob. He had jumped behind a tree, and was down on one knee, with his rifle cocked and ready.

"Get behind a tree! Lie down, Bish!" he whispered.

The whistle sounded again, and in response to my inquiring glance, Bob whispered: "Elk—bull elk—coming this way. Lay low!"

Once more the whistle sounded, and then over the brow of the hill there came the finest creature I had ever seen—a large bull elk.

He stood there, sharply outlined against the evening sky, his head, crowned with a magnificent pair of horns, held proudly up, and looking as if he thought—as he had good reason to think—that he was monarch of all he surveyed. His reign was over, though. Bob's rifle cracked; the elk sprang into the air, and fell all in a heap, never to move again.

Up the hill we hurried to where our prize lay, and great was our disappointment to find that he was very old and exceedingly thin; his hide had large patches of hair rubbed off, and his shoulders were badly scored with deep scratches; evidently he had been fighting.

However, we went to work and cut off his head and one hind leg, and carried them, with much labor, into camp, where, notwithstanding the extreme toughness of the meat, we made an excellent supper, and very soon after it went to bed, serenaded by the howlings of a thousand coyotes,—to judge of their numbers by the noise they made,—who had assembled on the hill to eat up the rest of the elk.

In the matters of appetite and digestion Bob and I were at least on a par with the



"BOB SETTLED HIMSELF ON A STOUT LIMB, TOOK A CAREFUL AIM, AND FIRED." (SEE PAGE 679.)

average boy, but that elk was really *too* tough, even for us, so after breakfast next morning we determined to try for something better.

The sun rose as we stepped briskly out from camp, little suspecting the consequences that were to result from that day's hunting.

We had hardly gone a mile when Bob stopped short, nudged me in the ribs with his

elbow, and, pointing to the ground, whispered, "Look there!" At first I could see nothing to look at, but on a more careful examination I discovered two little sharp-pointed impressions in the dust.

"Deer-track?" I asked in a low voice.

Bob nodded.

"It's quite fresh," he said. "We may come

upon him any moment, so look out sharp! Come on!"

The tracks led us around the shoulder of the mountain, and presently Bob, who was slightly in advance, ducked suddenly down, and came, stooping, back to where I stood.

"Four of them," he whispered, "feeding on the hillside just across the gully. We can't get at them from here—there's no cover. We must go a little farther down the hill first."

Off he set, with me close behind him, and old Bish close behind me; and after going about fifty yards he motioned to me to stop, and, going down on his hands and knees, crawled to the brow of the hill and peeped over once more. Then he rose to his feet and beckoned to me to follow.

We descended the other side of the hill, keeping some pine-trees between us and the deer, and picking our footing with great care, until we came to the willows at the bottom.

So far it had been easy enough, but now came the hard part.

The only cover, after passing the willows, was a low ridge of rocks about four hundred yards from us and a hundred from the deer, and the only way to reach it was to crawl.

I think that that crawl was the most tiring job I ever undertook. The hill was very steep, and was covered with loose rocks, each one of which seemed to have a good many more than its fair share of sharp corners, and the fact that we had only one hand at liberty made the work doubly tedious. It took us a good half-hour to make that quarter-mile, but we succeeded at last, and lay for a minute or two under the shelter of the rocks, trying to get our breath again without making too much noise about it. Then Bob, taking off his hat, raised his head carefully, peeped through a crevice in the rocks, and silently sank down again. Putting his lips close to my ear, he whispered: "All right; you try a shot; take the nearest."

I nodded, and rose, slowly and carefully, until I got a good sight of the nearest deer, and then, pushing the muzzle of the rifle through the crevice, I drew a long breath, took a quick aim, and pulled the trigger. The wind blew the smoke straight back into my face, but in a moment it cleared off, and, with great

delight, I saw my deer lying on its back with its heels in the air, while the other three were just disappearing among the trees.

"Good shot!" said Bob, rising and stretching himself. "Now we have meat enough for a week or two, anyhow."

The deer proved to be a fat young buck about two years old, and we at once set to work skinning and cutting him up. In about an hour we had finished the operation, and had hung up the two hind quarters and the hide upon the branches of a tall pine-tree which stood near, intending to bring old Sandy over and pack the meat into camp on his back, when, as we stooped to pick up our rifles, old Bish, who had been lying quietly alongside all the time, suddenly sprang to his feet and uttered a perfectly ferocious growl. We both turned sharply and looked down the hill. Bish had reason to growl, for there, coming leisurely over the ledge of rocks below us, was an immense bear.

"A grizzly!" yelled Bob. "Get up the tree!"

We made a rush for the big pine, and in a marvelously short space of time were both safely among its branches, rifles and all.

Meanwhile the bear, who had paid no attention to us, was coming deliberately up the hill to where stood old Bish, his bristles all on end, keeping guard over the meat. Bob called to him to come away, but the sound of his voice had quite an unexpected effect—it was like touching a match to a train of gunpowder; for instantly, with more valor than discretion, the old dog made a dash straight for the bear's throat, and the next moment was rolling, heels over head, down the hill, with an ugly gash in his shoulder from the grizzly's terrible claws.

In the extremity of his astonishment he gave vent to a single bark, and notwithstanding the fact that I felt very sorry for poor old Bish, I could not help laughing to see so large and dignified a dog stand on the back of his neck and try to bark at the same time. He soon recovered his feet, however,—three of them, at least,—but he kept himself, after that, at a respectful distance from the bear, who calmly advanced and began tearing up the deer and bolting large pieces of it.

"Look here," said Bob, "I can't stand this. I'm going to take a shot at him, if I can find a good place to shoot from."

So saying, he climbed a little higher up the tree, settled himself on a stout limb, took a careful aim, and fired.

Never was there such a transformation. From a self-possessed and rather good-natured-looking beast, the grizzly was suddenly converted into a raging maniac. He snapped at his side where the bullet had struck him; then sprang upon the remains of the deer, and, with his great claws, ripped them to fragments and scattered them in every direction; then made a dash at old Bish, who very wisely kept out of his way; then back to the deer, growling and foaming at the mouth all the while in a way that made me feel truly thankful grizzlies could not climb trees. To see the big fellow's rage was a terrible sight.

While this was going on Bob slipped another cartridge into his rifle and, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, fired again.

This time the bear was evidently hit very hard, for he went down in a heap, and had considerable difficulty in getting to his feet again, and when he did so he made off at once down the hill, staggering and stumbling in a way that showed that he was badly hurt this time.

We stayed up in our tree until the bear disappeared over the ledge of rocks,—which he climbed with difficulty, falling back once in the attempt,—but as soon as he was fairly out of sight Bob began hastily climbing down again.

"Come on! come on!" he exclaimed, in a state of great excitement. "We've got him."

"What?" I asked. "Got him? You don't mean to say you're going after him?"

All I thought of was that the bear had not got us.

"Of course I'm going after him," replied Bob. "He can't go far, wounded as he is, and I don't want to lose him now, if I can help it. He's a splendid specimen—must weigh twelve hundred. Come on; we'll go carefully and take no risks, but it would be a great pity to lose him now that he has been disabled."

"Go for him, Bish!" he shouted, and the old dog immediately set off on the trail of the bear, and disappeared, in turn, over the ledge of rocks.

Although I did not half like it, I did not care to stay behind, so I climbed down too, and off we set, keeping a very sharp lookout, and ready to turn and run at short notice.

Arrived at the rocks, we saw that the dog had reached the bottom of the hill and was walking to and fro just outside the willows. Evidently the bear was in there, probably rolling in the stream.

Presently Bish vanished into the willows himself, and directly afterward the bear reappeared, going around the shoulder of the mountain in the direction of our camp, with Bish about a hundred feet behind him.

Off we started once more, right back over the same ground we had traversed that morning, right past our camp, and then on up the gulch.

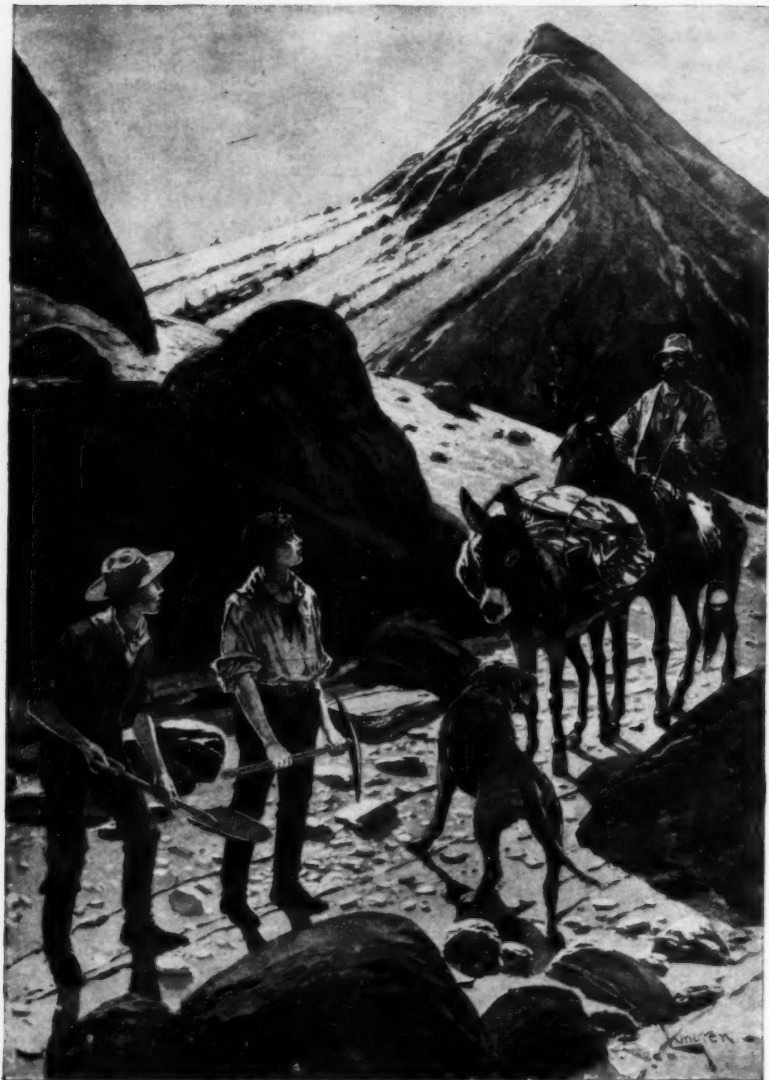
Some distance beyond the camp the bear vanished again around a bend in the ravine, and a moment afterward there was a great clatter of hoofs, and old Sandy appeared, coming down the hill at an exaggerated trot, head and tail erect, and snorting with indignation. Evidently he had seen the bear, and thus expressed his disgust at the impudent invasion of his pasture.

We went on carefully around the corner, and then saw at once that our hunt had reached a climax.

Before us rose a high cliff—part of one of the great spurs of the Sharksfins: a few pine-trees had found a footing on its almost perpendicular face, and a huge heap of rocky fragments, detached from above by the frosts and storms of a thousand years, lay piled in irregular masses at its base.

But what claimed our attention most particularly was the sight of old Bish standing with his back to us, and staring intently into the mouth of a low, dark cave. We had run our game to earth, or, as Bob rather oddly expressed it, we had "treed him in a hole."

"Good dog, Bish!" shouted Bob; and the old dog, without turning his head, gave half a wag of his tail, just to show that he heard, and,



"WE SAW, COMING AROUND THE CORNER, A BURRO WITH A PACK ON ITS BACK, AND A MAN ON HORSEBACK BEHIND IT." (SEE PAGE 684.)

advancing a step, stopped once more, rigid and attentive. Presently he advanced another step, and then another, and then went bodily into the cave and disappeared from sight.

We stood waiting, in a state of intense anxiety, for a minute, and great was our relief

when Bish appeared once more, and, standing half in and half out of the cave, lifted up his head and barked in a tone so jubilant that the dullest comprehension could not fail to understand that he was announcing the death of the enemy.

Away we went at a run, and, scrambling up

the pile of debris, arrived, quite out of breath, at the mouth of the cave, where old Bish welcomed us with much wagging of his tail, and then, turning round, gravely led the way in. We had to stoop low to enter, but, once inside, the roof rose to a height of seven or eight feet. The cave was merely a large hole in the rock, about four feet wide and ten feet long, and there, dead as a stone, lay the grizzly.

"My! but he's a whopper," said Bob, seating himself on the carcass; "and just look at these claws; and there's a pretty set of teeth for you! It would be rather awkward if he were to wake up again now, would n't it?"

Our next piece of work was to get the bear out of the cave so that we might have room to take off his hide, and a very laborious piece of work it was. The body was an enormous weight. Dragging it was quite out of the question, but by dint of much struggling and heaving we succeeded in turning it over two or three times, and by tugging first at one end and then at the other, we managed to get it to the mouth of the cave, where one more heave sent it rolling down the stony slope.

The remainder of that day—except a short interval applied to refreshment and to doctoring old Bish—was devoted to skinning the bear and pegging out the hide, hairy side down, to cure in the sun, and then, with Sandy's assistance, to bringing into camp the deer-meat which we had left hanging in the dead pine-tree that morning; and when, very soon after dark, we crept between the blankets, we were so thoroughly tired that nothing prevented our sleeping like graven images until after sunrise.

But the results of our day's hunting were by no means completed with the pegging out of the bearskin. The most remarkable part was yet to come.

It happened that in struggling and scuffling with the carcass of the bear when we were trying to get it out of the cave, one of my shoe-strings broke, and some of the sand and fine gravel, of which there was a little heap at the far end of the cave, had gotten into my shoe—not enough to cause any great inconvenience, however, and, being so busy all the rest of the day, I had paid no attention to it until bed-

time, when, pulling off my shoe, I gave the heel a tap on the ground and emptied the sand, in a little conical heap, on a flat stone lying beside the bed. Next morning Bob was sitting on the bed putting on his socks, when, to my surprise, he suddenly lay flat down and began stirring up my little sand-heap with his finger and blowing the dust from it.

I was wondering if he had gone off his head, when he sat up again, and, staring at me, said in a rather excited tone: "Where did that sand come from, Harry?"

"Out of my shoe," I replied.

"Yes; but where did it get into your shoe?"

"Up there in the cave," I answered.

"Is that so?" said Bob, and then went on thoughtfully dressing himself.

After breakfast he surprised me again by taking the bread-pan down to the creek and there scrubbing and washing it until it shone again, and then, with the ax, cutting some chips from a pitch-pine log and putting them into his pocket.

"Let's go prospecting," he said suddenly.

I laughed. "What, with a tin pan and a pine sliver?" I asked.

"Yes," said Bob, calmly. "I want to have a look at that cave again. You might bring the shovel, if you will, and I'll just take the rifle along; there might be some more bears up there, for all we know."

Accordingly, we set off up the gully, passing the bones of the bear, which the coyotes had cleaned and scattered about during the night, and, climbing up to the mouth of the cave, politely invited old Bish to go in first, which he did at once, without the slightest hesitation. As there was evidently nothing in there to be afraid of, we stooped down and went in, too. Bob struck a match and lighted one of his pitch-pine chips, and, advancing to the far end of the cave, began to examine the face of it by the light of his torch, while I stood patiently behind, wondering what he expected to find.

Presently he went down upon his knees in one corner, and at once said:

"Ha! here we are. Look here, Harry; do you see this streak? You can see that it is very different from the rest of the rock."

He pointed out, as he spoke, a part of the face of the cave which appeared to be composed of "chunks" of rock of various sizes, all with red and yellow stains on them, and all cemented together with a kind of clay of the same colors. The pieces of rock were pitted with little holes of irregular shape.

"That 's honeycombed quartz," Bob continued, "and I 'm going to find out if it carries any gold or not, if I can."

"Gold!" I exclaimed, kneeling down beside him, and full of excitement at once. "How do you propose to set about it?"

"Well," replied Bob, "you see this little pile of sand and gravel? That 's the stuff which got into your shoe, and it all came from this vein—if it is a vein. We 'll take a panful of it down to the creek and wash it; we may as well take some of the rocks too, if we can get them out. Lend me the shovel—and here,"—taking another chip out of his pocket,—“light that and hold it for me, please.”

He took the shovel, and in a few minutes had pried out several specimens of the quartz, about as big as one's fist, which he stowed away in his pockets, and then, putting three or four double handfuls of the sand and gravel into the pan, he rose to his feet and said:

"That will do. Come on. Can you carry the rifle and shovel, too? All right. We 'll get right back to the creek and try this stuff. I don't know much about 'panning,'—I 've only seen it done once or twice,—but I 'll have a try at it, anyhow."

Down to the creek we went once more, and there Bob filled the pan with water, and began shaking and twisting it about, and stirring up the mass with his fingers, until the whole contents, apparently, were converted into yellow mud. Then the liquid part was poured carefully off, the pan refilled with water, and the process repeated, not once or twice only, but a dozen times at least. At length the yellow

stuff seemed to be pretty thoroughly washed out, and all the sand and fine gravel had sunk to the bottom of the pan, leaving the larger scraps on the surface. These last Bob scraped off with a chip on to a flat stone, remarking that we could "mash them up and wash them afterward, if necessary." Then he continued his "treatment" until, by degrees, he had succeeded in washing almost everything out of the pan, excepting about a tablespoonful of very black sand.

"Now," he said, "if there 's any gold here it 's down under that black sand."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because it has to be," Bob replied; "it 's the heaviest, and so it is sure to go to the bottom. Now, watch the upper end of the sand, and if you see a yellow speck, call out."

There was only about a thimbleful of water



"'HOORAY!' SHOUTED BOB. 'GOLD! SEE IT, OLD CHAP?'"

left, and tilting the pan up nearly on end, Bob very skillfully sent the drop of water trickling over the sand three or four times, and presently, on the upper edge of the black residue, there appeared a tiny thread of yellow.

"Hooray!" shouted Bob. "Gold! See it, old chap?"

I bent over him to examine it.

"Is that all?" I asked. I had expected to see pieces as big as a pea, or a grain of wheat, at least.

"Is that all?" repeated Bob. "I can tell you, old fellow, that that 's a mighty good showing. If this is a fair sample of the vein, and if the vein is any size, we 've struck a mine, and a big one. Let me see if I can't get rid of some more of this black sand."

After a few minutes more of very careful manipulation the sand was nearly all washed out, and the result was a very visible streak of gold, with two or three bits as big as pinheads scattered through it.

"That 's good enough," said Bob, laying down the pan. "Now, let us examine these samples"—taking the lumps of ore out of his pocket and handing one to me. "Dip it into the water and then examine it carefully; look into the little holes especially—that is where the gold is most likely to be, if there is any."

We washed and inspected our specimens, and in two out of the five pieces found a little gold. The others we broke up with a boulder and examined the fragments, finding specks of gold in several of them.

We both sat and stared at each other, feeling, naturally, rather excited. Presently Bob said:

"Harry, this is a big thing. I vote that we give up hunting and take to mining. Lucky we brought the pick and shovel. We 'll try to uncover that vein and see how much of it there is. What do you say?"

"I think so, too," I replied; "and then, I think, if we do find a real vein, we ought to go right straight home and tell Uncle Steve all about it. Don't you?"

"Yes, that 's what we 'll do; so come on, and let us set to work at once."

For several days after that we worked hard at our mine. We enlarged the opening of the cave, in order to admit more daylight and so enable us to dispense with Bob's primitive torches; we widened the cave a little, applying our labor to that side of it where the vein showed; we cleared off some of the debris in front, and made a little platform, on which we piled all the ore we got out, and then we dug out the floor to a depth of two feet, exposing

the vein the whole length of the cave, and taking out a considerable quantity of ore.

We also prospected the hill outside, and traced the vein by its "outcrop" for nearly half a mile, until we lost it in the next gully.

Bob also set up a "location stake." As we were not old enough to hold a mining claim ourselves, we substituted the names of our two fathers. I cannot remember the wording of the notice, but I know we called the mine the "Great Bear," and claimed fifteen hundred feet along the vein running northwest and southeast, and one hundred and fifty feet on each side of it, with "all its dips, spurs, angles, and sinuosities"—and I remember that Bob got into a dreadful tangle over the spelling of this last word.

One morning we walked up the gulch, and climbed lazily up the slope to the mouth of the tunnel, and then—we received a shock which roused us up effectually. All over our little platform were the tracks of a big pair of nailed shoes; the ore-heap had been overhauled and the vein inspected, as we could tell by the holes made in the floor of the tunnel, and by the fact that the pick, which we knew we had left standing against the wall, was lying on the ground. We stood and stared at each other.

"Well, this settles it," said Bob. "We must set off home at once. Our secret 's out, and this place will be swarming with prospectors inside of a week, I 'm certain."

I was decidedly of the same opinion, so we turned back to camp, catching old Sandy on the way. Putting the firearms, the bearskin, and the elk's head into the cart, we drove away, leaving the rest of our baggage heaped together, to take care of itself.

We reached the ranch in time for supper, and related all our adventures. Uncle Steve was much interested in our account of the mine. He said we had done quite right to come down, and suggested that we return next morning, when he would ride up with us.

Accordingly, next morning we drove back to our camp, taking with us a wheelbarrow and a crowbar, and as we were traveling light that time, we arrived soon after noon, and found everything as we had left it.

Uncle Steve inspected the tunnel and the

ore; took several samples from the vein; examined the outcrop on the mountain-side, verifying the direction of the vein with a pocket-compass; read Bob's "location" notice, which he pronounced "all right," and then said: "Well, my boys, I think you have made a great find here. I'll take these samples to town and have them assayed, and if they turn out well, I will hunt up a couple of miners, and we will get to work in earnest. That may take me several days, and in the meanwhile I should advise you to confine yourselves to increasing the size of your platform; it is much too small at present for any practical purpose. And you might also, if you like, lower the floor of the tunnel another foot or two; but I think you will do the most good if you apply your labor altogether to the platform. And now I may as well ride home again. I can make it in two hours, and then I can get an early start for town to-morrow. Good-by, and take good care of yourselves." And jumping on his horse, Uncle Steve rode away.

We devoted the rest of that day to rearranging our camp, and next morning began work, as Uncle Steve had suggested.

As we were picking and shoveling away on the afternoon of the third day, old Bish gave a warning growl, and looking down the gulch, we saw, coming around the corner, a burro with a pack on its back, and a man on horse-back behind it. We stopped work and waited for him to come up.

"Well, boys," he said, when he had climbed up to where we stood, "hard at it, eh? Glad to see you again. Don't know me, do you? Know my tracks, though, I guess"—turning up the sole of a nail-studded shoe. "I called on you three or four days ago, but you was n't in. I took a sample or two of your pay-dirt and had 'em assayed. You've got a real good prospect here, I tell you. I've staked the extension of it over there"—pointing over the hill with his thumb; "called it the 'Pole Star,' seein' it was the 'Great Bear' as pointed the way to it. Good idee, eh?"

He seemed to be a genial old fellow, and sat and talked with us for some time, informing us that his name was Peter Downs and

that he had been prospecting for twenty years. "And I may as well tell you, boys, that this is one of the likeliest prospects I ever see. One of them assays run twenty-three ounces of gold. You've struck it, sure.

"Well," he added, rising to his feet and shaking hands with both of us, "I must get on and make my camp. If you want a hand any time, just call on me and I'll help you out."

We thanked him, and the old fellow rode off over the mountain.

Whether Peter Downs had been talking in town, or whatever the cause may have been, the news of our find had been spread abroad. That same evening three more men came up the gulch, and the next day seven others. They all came and inspected our claim and then scattered over the hills. The day after that they kept coming in by twos and threes all day long, and among them came Uncle Steve in a wagon, bringing with him two miners, and a lot of ore-sacks, tools, blasting-powder, and provisions.

Then the work commenced in earnest.

Our platform was extended very considerably, an ore-house built, and a log cabin for us and the miners to live in. The claim was surveyed and recorded, and for the next six or seven weeks we two boys were kept hard at it wheeling dirt out of the tunnel and sorting ore. A ton of the ore was shipped to the smelter to get a "mill-run," and a very encouraging report, accompanied by a check, was returned.

Meanwhile men kept coming into camp by ones and twos, and by dozens and scores; the sounds of blasting were heard over the hills; reports of "strikes" came in from every side, and all was bustle and excitement.

Then a town site was surveyed and a town started—the town of "Sharksfin." Uncle Steve had something to do with that, I believe; at any rate, both he and my father seemed to have a good many town lots to sell. A good road was made down to the valley; two sawmills started up in business; houses of all sorts and conditions began to go up; and, unfortunately, the gambling element made its appearance.

Then Uncle Steve came up and took us

back to the ranch; the camp was "not a very good place for boys," he said.

One day Uncle Steve said: "Boys, I wish you would take the buckboard and drive up to the camp; I want to send the men a turkey for to-morrow."

Of course we were very pleased to go, and, besides the turkey, took a lot of mince-pies, apples, and chestnuts, and, equally of course, were very cordially received by the miners. After hearing all about the progress of the mine and the doings of the camp, we returned to the ranch in time for supper, to find that Uncle Steve had driven to the railroad to meet some visitors who were coming that night.

Bedtime arrived before the visitors, so to bed we went.

Next morning, before I had finished dressing, Bob came wandering in, barefoot, from his own bedroom. I had one shoe laced up, and held the other in my hand, ready to put on, when a glance at Bob's face made me

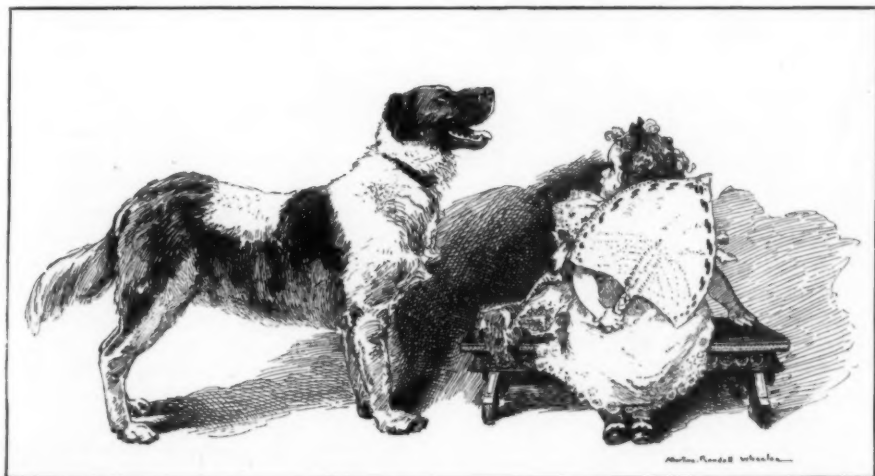
pause. He was grinning all over in a most absurd manner, and, in reply to my question as to what was the matter with him, he only grinned the more, and said: "Did you hear the visitors arrive? They got in quite late. They're downstairs now; you can hear them talking, if you listen."

I listened, and the sound of a laugh—a woman's laugh—came up from below.

I sat bolt upright and stared at Bob. He was grinning worse than ever. The laugh came again.

Suddenly I sprang from the chair, dashed the shoe to the floor, or rather upon Bob's great toe, and leaving him there holding his foot in both hands and hopping round and round on one leg, I fled down the stairs, one shoe off and the other shoe on, burst into the dining-room, and within an instant I was in my mother's arms.

There they were, both of them, father and mother, and both come to stay!



"IT'S MEAN TO STAND THERE AND LAUGH, WOWER, WHEN IT'S SO HOT THAT NOBODY COMES TO MY BIRTHDAY PARTY, AND THE CANDLES IS ALL MELTED ON MY BIRTHDAY CAKE!"



BY ERIN GRAHAM.

DORA FERGUSON was in a bad temper. That was not her usual condition of mind, but more than one unpleasant thing had occurred during the day. In the morning, Mrs. Ferguson told Dora that she might put on her new plaid dress and wear it to school. Now, that was delightful news, for, just two weeks before, Ethel Mills had appeared in a rustling new gown, a gorgeous light plaid, in which green, yellow, and scarlet combined to make the beholder wink. Ethel had shaken out the folds of the fashionably stiffened skirt with a flourish that made some of the girls laugh and others mourn. Dora had smiled in superior fashion, but there was an inward sigh.

The next day she had laid siege to her mother's heart and her father's generosity to such good purpose that she was made the possessor of a new gown before evening.

"It 's ever so much prettier than Ethel's, mother. This dark blue and green, with just a little dash of red, makes the sweetest plaid I've seen," she said in the joy of possession.

"Clothes are n't sweet," said Tom, who was two years older than Dora, and who considered it his duty to reprove and ridicule her, lest she should become vain. He was really proud of her dark eyes, and hair with a "real wave" in it. But all girls were foolish, he believed, and apt to become vain creatures, unless their brothers trained them properly. So Tom was very careful about praising Dora too much. As her eyes and hair were above reproach, he exercised his critical powers on her nose and mouth, declaring the latter to be "simply immense!" But if Dora dared to hint that Tom's tie was shabby or ugly, he was insulted, and his dignity would be ruffled for days. However, when he sprained his ankle, Dora was devotion itself; and Tom saved his money for a week to buy Dora a turquoise ring she had desired. Therefore she allowed his correction of her adjective to pass without notice.

It was with much rejoicing that she put on her new dress, and rejoiced in its rustle as she danced through the hall. Even Tom's sarcasm

concerning "girls who were late for breakfast because they stayed too long before the mirror" failed to affect her. When she reached Miss Mortimer's Academy she was surrounded by admiring friends.

"Why, it has the new kind of puffs for the top of the sleeves, Dora," said one.

"It's one of the prettiest plaids I have seen. Those rich dark shades are such good taste," said Cora Hilliard, who was believed to be an authority on such matters, as she had spent one whole month in Paris. Dora was much impressed by this important official verdict.

"The collar is simply *elegant*! The button trimming at the back is just — cunning," lisped Elsie Graham.

In the afternoon, Dora was preparing to leave the French class-room, when her new plaid skirt caught on a sharp corner of her desk, and one of those ragged, three-cornered rents, that are the despair of the neatest mender, showed itself to her horrified gaze. Her books were flung on the desk in no gentle fashion, and, if Ethel Mills had not been looking, I am sure that Dora would have been guilty of tears. She recovered herself in a moment, and went into the cloak-room, where her dress was pinned together by sympathizing friends. When she got home, she found her mother, and told her of the calamity.

"Never mind, dear.

Put on your old dress, and this evening I will help you to mend the other."

Dora's father was a well-to-do merchant, but Mrs. Ferguson believed that her only daughter should be taught to do things for herself. So

Dora contemplated an hour of mending with unpleasant feelings.

Just then Tom came in. He looked rather solemn. "Dora, I took your puppy 'Sancho' downtown this afternoon, and lost him in the crowd on Clarence Avenue. It's too bad, but I am sure he'll turn up all right."

Dora's uncle had presented her with a beautiful little dog the week before, and she had given Tom strict injunctions not to take it out.

"I believe that you did it on purpose, Tom! and, of course, we'll never find him. You are horrid — just horrid!" she broke out.



"THE PAGE SAID, 'ENTER, WRETCHED MORTAL!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Then Dora took up her books and fled to her room, while Tom remained to tell Mrs. Ferguson that he was afraid Dora had a dreadful temper.

How nice it is for a girl to have a room to herself! I have often wondered what an unfortunate maiden whose sister or cousin shares her room does when she wants to have a "good cry." Dora's room had a delightful cozy corner where four big pillows were piled, and to this corner she went for comfort. But she was not silly or a very "weepy" girl, and so, after three tears had dropped on the prettiest pillow, she sat up and rubbed her face.

"I suppose I might as well do that French lesson for to-morrow," she reflected.

Dora turned to "*Les Trois Souhaits*" ("The Three Wishes"), the next day's lesson. It was not difficult to translate, but it proved an aggravation of her woes. The well-known old story was about the poor woodman and his wife, to whom a fairy had granted three wishes. The wife, in a moment of thoughtlessness, wished for a black-pudding, and this so enraged the husband that he wished that the pudding might be attached to her nose. The pudding promptly obeyed his wish, and, despite his every effort, refused to be detached from the wife's face. So, in despair, the poor husband wished for the pudding to return to the table, and, behold! the three wishes had all been used. Then the fairy came back, and, in a provoking little speech, advised them to be content in the future with a humble lot.

"What a foolish story! It's so silly, for nobody would have wished for such stupid things. I only wish that a fairy would come to me! I would ask for *ten million dollars* first; and then I would wish to be the most beautiful girl in the world; and then I would like all my friends to be young forever! But there are no fairies. Only children believe in them now"; and Dora sighed, as if her fourteen years was an advanced age indeed.

Of course, if Dora had been a proper young person, she would have desired goodness and knowledge rather than wealth and beauty. But I may as well confess that she was not a perfect girl — not much better than many of the girls we meet every day. Ten million dollars

would buy a great many things. She would always wear a silk dress to school (of course, a beautiful young person with millions of dollars would not be troubled about her mother's opinion as to dress). After a while they would all go to Europe, and have a yacht inlaid with ivory and adorned with purple silk hangings like — like Cleopatra's barge that she had heard of in history that morning, and — But at this point her head sank lower on the cushions, and Miss Dora was soon in the land of dreams, where she had a strange journey.

She had started for school one morning, as usual, and when she opened the door leading to Miss Mortimer's hall, she was astonished to find that the entrance was a beautiful corridor, carpeted with soft green velvet and lighted by twinkling pink lanterns that hung from a crystal ceiling. As Dora hesitated, not knowing what to do, a tiny person, dressed in white satin, and wearing a gold-fringed cap, appeared, and, making a low bow, said, "Her Majesty will see you in the Diamond Room."

"Her Majesty!" That was a strange name for Miss Mortimer, and why had Susan, the neat maid, been dismissed? It certainly was very dark for nine o'clock in the morning, but Dora prepared to follow the little page. On and on they went until she was almost out of breath. At last he stopped before a heavy curtain. The tinkle of a bell was heard, and then the page held back the velvet folds and said, "Enter, wretched mortal!"

Dora did not like this form of address. In fact, the little man, in spite of his satin garments, had not been brought up to be respectful. But there was no time to reprove him for his rudeness, and Dora timidly entered the Diamond Room. At first the blaze of light was so great that she was dazzled. But when she recovered from the first shock of splendor, she exclaimed, "Why, it's all diamonds!" The floor and walls were made of pure marble, and the ceiling was studded with diamond stars, which shed the light that had almost blinded Dora.

There was a rich divan covered with purple velvet at one end of the room, and on it was seated a little creature who was wearing a gown of white silk, fastened with small dia-

mond pins. As Dora approached, this small woman said:

"Don't come too near! Do you know who I am?"

"No; I have not seen any one like you before. If I were not sure that there are no fairies, I would be tempted to call you one."

not open them. Slowly the wand was lowered, and Titania said, "Now, who am I?"

"You are Titania, Queen of the Fairies," faltered Dora, whose power of speech had suddenly returned.

"You will do well to remember that. Do you suppose that, because the fairies do not



"BEHOLD ME! I AM TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES."

"How do you know that there are no fairies?"

"Oh, no one believes in them nowadays, except very small children. I used to think that they really lived, but I know better now."

"Silence! Mortal, you are insolent! Behold me! I am Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

The tiny woman stood on the couch, with her eyes flashing and a wand outstretched.

Dora began to feel alarmed. Titania's eyes looked as if they were changed to green fire. So Dora tried to rush to the curtains, but found that she could not stir. She was so frightened at this that she tried to open her mouth to scream; but her lips were firmly closed, and she could

wish to be seen by every common mortal, they have vanished from the earth and no longer have any power over human beings? I dare say you wonder why I have brought you, an ignorant child, to my home."

"Yes, Mrs. Titania."

"Don't say 'Mrs. Titania.' I am not a commonplace, every-day woman. Address me as 'your Majesty.'"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"That is better. Now, you understand that we know all about you poor mortals. Therefore, I know that you have had a trying day; and although you are by no means an excellent

young person, still, I feel sorry for you. *I am going to grant you three wishes!* Whatever you wish for shall be given you. At the end of twenty-five minutes I shall return to this room and dismiss you. The wishing-time will then be over. You must remain on this couch during that time. Be very careful about the desires you express!"

Titania vanished, and Dora flung herself upon the soft cushions. They were delightful, and she felt like going to sleep. But, of course, that would destroy the chance of future wealth. So she rubbed her eyes, and tried to think. Five — ten — fifteen minutes passed, and Dora had not wished for anything.

"I have heard something about this before. I wonder if ten million dollars would be enough. It would buy a great many dresses, I am sure. Oh, how I wish that dress of mine had been mended!"

At that moment her plaid gown dropped beside the couch, more neatly mended than Dora could have imagined. But the sight of the mended gown brought no comfort to her heart.

"Oh! how could I have been so silly? I might have wished for money enough to buy hundreds of plaid dresses; and now I have only this old mended thing. But there are two wishes left. Now, I wonder what I had better say next. It would be nice to have money and beauty and be a singer like Jenny Lind. But I can't have all three. Which had I better ask for first — money or beauty? I'm sure it would n't be nice to have millions and — be, as ugly as that Miss Harris. Perhaps I'd better take beauty next. Golden hair and blue eyes, like Fair Rosamond, would be attractive; but a dark, stately person, like Edith Plantagenet, would be more dignified. What a strange sound that wind makes outside — it is almost like a dog howling! Oh, I'm afraid my poor little Sancho is lost. I do wish he were here!"

At these words, a joyful bark was heard, and Sancho's soft nose rested on her hand. But Dora greeted him with such a burst of tears that the poor dog was frightened, and tried to comfort her by whining. The duet was so dismal a failure that Dora was forced to laugh, although she had only one precious wish left.

"What shall I do now? I am almost afraid

to breathe, for fear of wishing for something silly. Now, I must be rich or pretty — or — or something. I wonder if it would be better to wish for health. There's pretty Maud Hanford, who has so much money, and she's never happy, because she's so delicate. Perhaps I'm all wrong, and it would be better to have wisdom or goodness. But then, girls don't need to be wise, and I'm pretty good now. Goodness! — the time is going, and there are only three minutes left. I think ten millions will do, but how nice it would be to be a famous writer like Shakspeare or Tennyson! I must hurry, though, so I wish for —"

Just then a brilliant idea seemed to come to her, and Dora fairly shouted, "I wish for ten more wishes," as Titania entered the room.

The Queen rushed to the couch, and said: "What do you mean? I never heard of such a wish. The fairies will be shocked!"

"But you said that I might have whatever I wished for," said Dora, triumphantly.

Titania frowned, and began to walk hurriedly up and down the room. Dora could hardly keep from laughing, for the little form looked so funny, whirling across the floor. The diamond ornaments flashed maliciously, as if delighted with their owner's plight. Dora had already begun to plan for her ten wishes, but she was rudely disturbed by the page, who entered and commanded her to rise. The Queen, at last, paused, and addressed herself to Dora:

"I must not decide this matter without reference to the King. It is a departure from the rules in fairyland. In the meantime, Ariel must see that you have refreshment. I shall see the King, and shall return to you after you have dined."

Titania left the room, and Ariel, the small page, also disappeared. In a few moments the door softly opened, and a black-faced fairy came in, bearing a tray. A small table tripped over to the couch, and the tray was placed upon it.

Dora was feeling hungry, and the dishes looked very tempting. She had not heard of a black fairy, and wondered if he had only stained his face. There was a silver plate filled with steaming white soup; there was a small

pigeon-pie, and the tiniest mushrooms peeped from a pearl saucer; and, best of all, there was a brick of pink ice-cream. Dora partook of every delicacy, and then the black fairy disappeared with the lightened tray. Ariel came in with an emerald finger-bowl and a lace doily, which he most gravely presented. Dora felt very important, and only wished that Tom could see her.

At last, Titania returned, followed by the King, who looked very cross. He was dressed in crimson velvet, and wore a crown almost covered with rubies.

"So you are the presumptuous being who has dared to wish for more wishes," said he.

"Your wife the Queen said that I might have whatever I wanted."

"Well — well — well! A council of the fairies must be summoned, for such a thing has not happened before."

Just then the King rang a bell, and — Dora sat up to hear her mother say, "Dora Ferguson, it is dinner-time, and you have been

asleep for almost two hours. You looked so tired that I have mended your dress myself."

Just then Tom appeared with a small furry object under his arm.

"I've found your foolish dog. I don't believe any one would want to steal him, and you need n't have made a fuss, anyway."

"But where are Titania, and the black fairy, and —?" said Dora, in a bewildered way.

"You have been dreaming about fairies, eh?" Tom said, laughing.

Dora laughed too, and they went down to dinner in good humor. When they reached the dining-room, Dora found white soup awaiting them, and the most delicious stewed mushrooms.

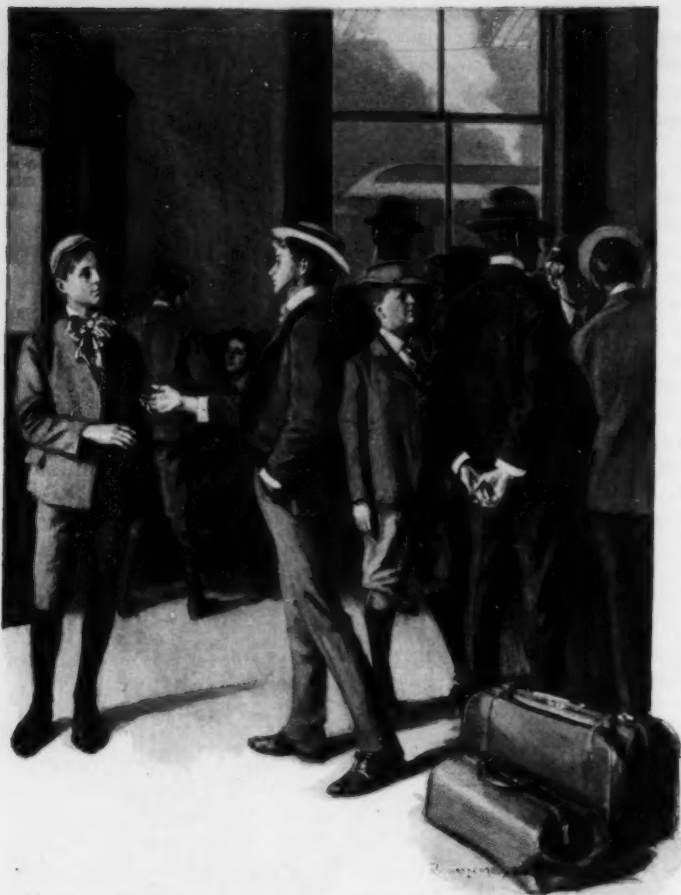
"It's very queer," said Dora, as she went to sleep that night. "I'm sorry that I did n't get all the money, but I'm glad that I worried the fairies. I wonder if I'll dream about them again."

But from that day to this, Dora Ferguson has not met her Majesty, Titania.



THE JUNIOR CUP.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.



"'YOU 'RE A NEW BOY,' HE SAID, 'AND I 'M AN OLD ONE.'" (SEE PAGE 695.)

CHAPTER I.

THE hurried steps of the father descending the stairs were heard through the closed door. The son turned away to hide the working of his face, and examined the pictures on the mantel, but through a film of tears. Mr. Holmes looked at the boy curiously and kindly, revolving in his mind the words which in private the father had said to him.

"Chester is a good boy," Mr. Fiske had

said. "He is perfectly healthy and absolutely normal, like any other boy. There is only one fault of which I wish him cured. He has been spoiled by his aunt and sisters until he thinks too much of himself. His mother is dead, and my own sister has brought the children up. I don't say," said the earnest father, striving for exactitude, "that he is too conceited, but the home has been made to revolve about him so much that now he takes as his own many things to which when he gets to col-

lege he will have to prove his right. He is a clever boy; he is quick in his studies and good in his sports. I have seen in him," said the business man, smiling faintly as he thought of his own youth, "many things that reminded me of his father at his age. I was clever in the field and at the desk; I was an overweening, presumptuous boy; and I had to learn the things that did me good at an age when they were very hard to learn, and when conceit had become almost a habit settled for life. Now, Chester is not too old to learn—he is only fifteen; and I mean that he shall not have such a hard time as I had. I intend that his college life shall not be embittered by unpopularity. I cannot teach him at home; there is against me a whole regiment of feminine relatives—sisters, aunts, and cousins. So I give him to you, Mr. Holmes, for the two months of summer, hoping that in your camp of boys the nonsense will be knocked out of him."

"We will do it, sir, if we can," answered Mr. Holmes. "The thing is done every summer with more than one. Yet it is not always possible to make more than a beginning. It is difficult to change in two months the habit of years."

"You shall have him next year, too," said Mr. Fiske, "if this year does him the slightest good. And I myself will meanwhile work," he added grimly, "to reduce the pedestal which they keep for him at home. It is much to me that my son shall avoid his father's mistakes."

The expression with which Mr. Fiske spoke, half of determination, half of affection, lingered long in Mr. Holmes's memory. He saw then, and remembered, where the boy got his firm, square jaw and high, broad forehead, and from whom he received his pleasant brown eyes. "The lad is his father's own son," he thought. "There are two ways of reaching him—through his mind and through his heart. He will respond to reason and to affection. If our system at camp is what it always has been, we shall give his nature the inclination that we wish." As Mr. Holmes thought thus, Mr. Fiske rose to go, and called the boy into the room.

"Good-by, Chester," he said seriously. "I

wish you a good time. Remember, you must show these thirty boys, among whom you spend your summer, what you are. You must be what you pretend to be, and nothing less. Good luck to you."

They shook hands. "Good-by, father," said the boy, his trouble appearing in his face.

So the earnest man, who wished his son to be better than himself, went away; so the boy, separated for the first time from his home, turned to hide his tears; and so the experienced trainer of boys, than whose work nothing is more delicate, his sympathies all enlisted in the struggle, studied for a while in silence the problem which he was to work out during the summer.

At last he spoke to the boy.

"Well, Chester," he said cheerfully, "how do you like my room?"

Chester's healthy boy nature was already asserting itself. He answered quickly, and soon was absorbed in the stories which his new guardian told him of life at Harvard. For it was in a tutor's room that they stood, and Mr. Holmes, Boston born and bred, and Harvard taught, was steeped in the traditions of the college.

"I suppose that some day I shall have a room like this," said the boy, his eyes sparkling with excitement, "with an oar over the mantel, and boxing-gloves hanging up, and silver cups about."

Mr. Holmes looked about, smiling, at the trophies upon the walls. The oar was a reminiscence of a boat race with Yale; his medals, his cups, were not many, but he knew they were choice, and indicated athletic distinction. Thinking of his past, of a position honestly earned and honorably held, conscious, too, of iron muscles under his sober citizen's clothes, able at any time to enter the field and dispute the palm with any later comers—with these half-active thoughts of pride of power, he looked at the boyish, undeveloped figure before him, and asked:

"Are n't you a little too sure of what may never happen? Not every one can win even a medal."

The boy's face fell, but it brightened when Mr. Holmes said: "Yet there is one thing

you can win this very summer, if you are able."

"And what is that?" cried Chester.

"The Junior Cup," answered the teacher.

"Oh, what is it? Tell me about it!"

Mr. Holmes looked at his watch before he answered. "We have half an hour before we start for the station. Sit down while I finish packing, and I will tell you about the camp. I must begin at the beginning. The camp is conducted by Mr. Dean, who is much older than I, and more experienced, though I am his chief helper. There will be in camp this summer about thirty boys who go for all sorts of purposes. Some go for their health, some because they have no father and mother, but only guardians and no home, and some because their father and mother wish them to."

"Tell me why I go," interrupted Chester. "Aunt did not want me to come, but father says I must, and he would n't tell me why."

"Then I shall not," answered the teacher, simply.

Chester hung his head at the rebuke, too direct for avoidance or excuse. Yet not so simply was he to learn the lessons of his life. Mr. Holmes continued as if nothing had happened: "The life is very simple. We live in two big shanties, we eat in a third, we bathe in the lake, we play baseball. Every now and then we make a trip and explore the neighboring country—for we live in an out-of-the-way place on the edge of the White Mountains, and there are hills and even mountains to climb, and seven lakes within seven miles of us. There is enough to do to occupy us for the summer in having a good time, and it easily happens that the sick boys get well, and the well boys get over their troubles, just while we seem to be doing nothing." He paused to fold a coat.

"And the Cup?" asked Chester, after a moment.

Mr. Holmes went on as well as he could during the constant moving necessitated by his packing. His voice sounded now clearly in the study, now muffled in the closet, now faint from the sleeping-room beyond. But Chester, listening closely, heard all he said.

"The whole life of the camp," Mr. Holmes

said, "is athletic. From morning to night we run, we work with our hands, we swim, we play games. It is quite proper that some recognition be given to the one that does the best. So at the end of every year there is held a competition, in which the boys, little and big, must enter. The big boys are the Seniors, of the ages of seventeen and over. The little boys are the Juniors, of sixteen years and under. The events are the ordinary track and field events at any athletic games. In both classes a cup is given to the boy that does the best all-round work."

"And I can win the Junior Cup?" asked Chester, eagerly—"I, all alone?"

"If you are able," said the other, dryly. Chester again hung his head, and this time blushed. "There is little in this world, Chester, my boy, that any one of us can accomplish alone."

Mr. Holmes had locked his bag, and looked again at his watch.

"Come," he said, "let us go. It is early, but we may be delayed."

In the cars to the depot, in the noisy streets, they talked little. In the waiting-room at the great station, over in one corner, there was gathered a little group that made an outcry as Chester and his conductor were perceived.

The boy hung back as Mr. Holmes walked forward to greet his friends. He noticed how they crowded to welcome him—boys smaller than himself, boys of his own age, and boys so big that they seemed like men. And on the edges of the group, hanging back, were boys that said nothing, but simply looked on, newcomers like himself, shy among strangers.

Presently Mr. Holmes led Chester to a pleasant-faced gentleman, of middle age and erect, yet gray-haired. About him hung the littlest boys, who, as Chester came forward, stood aside and stared. The other boys in the group were looking at him inquisitively, and Chester felt that his measure was being taken. In the bustling crowd, in the noise, he suddenly felt alone.

"This is Mr. Dean," said Mr. Holmes. "This is Chester Fiske, sir, one of the new boys."

"I am glad to see you, Chester," said the

pleasant master, taking his hand. "I hope that you will have a jolly time with us this summer. Your father has written me of you."

For a moment, in the cheerful greeting, Chester again felt among friends. But a boy came, and pulling Mr. Dean's sleeve, whispered a question; Mr. Holmes had already turned away to speak to friends; and Chester, quite alone, stood with the sense of his loneliness upon him. About him, the boys talked and laughed, or stood silent. He heard stories in progress of winter adventures, or noisy reminiscences of the past summer. Boarding-school boys were comparing notes, and a Groton and a St. Mark's boy, had they not been old friends, might have come to blows over the merits of their schools. Chester felt that he was still being examined, and, for a time, did not dare to raise his eyes to face his new companions. At last, as one near by evidently shifted position to look at him the better, Chester raised his face and looked the other squarely in the eye.

It was a boy a little older than himself, taller, heavier. He was dressed in long trousers, while Chester was dressed in short; he wore a white collar, while Chester wore a cheviot shirt; he had a watch, while Chester had none. His face was fair and open, his eyes keen, his mouth handsome; curly hair framed his temples, under a straw hat. He stood in an attitude of self-confidence, one hand in his pocket, his hat tilted slightly backward. He looked at Chester for a moment coolly and critically, then came forward and offered him his hand.

"You're a new boy," he said, "and I'm an old one. We'll have to know each other soon, and might as well begin now. My name is Marshall Moore."

There was an ease and fluency about the address that buried Chester deep in his own insignificance. He could only take the stranger's hand and stammer out his own name.

"Yes, I know," said the other; "I heard Mr. Holmes introduce you. Awfully nice, isn't he? And Mr. Dean? But you wait till they catch you doing something that they don't like! And wait till you ask them to let

you do something they don't want you to do! Do you play baseball?"

The question was boyish, and loosened Chester's tongue.

"Oh, yes," he said eagerly; "I play ball. I was catcher on our nine."

"Is that so?" said the other, politely. "And do you run? Can you run the hundred yards?"

"No," answered Chester; "that is, I never did."

"Well, you'll learn—you'll have to. And can you swim?"

"Only a little," confessed Chester.

"You'll have to learn that, too," said his acquaintance. "I hope you'll like to be ducked."

"Oh, Marshall!" cried some one from behind.

"Excuse me," said the boy, and went to answer the call. Again, as Chester saw around him only the backs of boys, or heads turned away, he was immersed in the gulf of loneliness. But some one rubbed against him, and a voice at his elbow said, "Hullo!"

This time Chester turned to face a smaller boy, dark-haired and rosy, full of health, snub-nosed and straight-mouthed, brimming with good nature.

"Say," he said confidently, "is n't it horrid to be a new boy? I've been a new boy lots of times at lots of places, and I'm not used to it yet."

"Oh," cried Chester, with relief, "you're a new boy, too!"

"Yes," said the other, easily. "My name's Rawson Lewis, but they call me 'Rat,' 'cause I used to keep a white rat. I heard you say your name. I go to a military school in winter; where do you go?"

"Oh, just to an ordinary school."

"And live at home?" asked the other. A wistful expression flitted across his face. "I have n't any home, or any father or mother."

Chester could not understand how a boy could live without father or mother. In his world, at least one parent was a necessary part of every boy's equipment. He wished, for a moment, to inquire, but fearing to ask delicate personal questions he changed the subject.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Fourteen," said the other, promptly, "but I'm small for my age. How old are you?"

"Fifteen," answered Chester, with the consciousness that he was large for his age.

"You're rather big," commented the other, in easy conversation. "I hope we'll sleep

"Do you suppose that they won't haze you, if they want to, just because your name happens to be Chester Fiske? I never saw big boys anywhere that would n't haze new boys if they got a chance."

Chester would have stiffened the more at the bluff directness of the other's remarks, but



"SUDDENLY GEORGE RAN CHESTER TO THE EDGE OF THE RAFT AND PUSHED HIM OVERBOARD." (SEE PAGE 700.)

near each other. I wonder what they do to new boys. Do you suppose they'll haze us?"

"Haze us?" asked Chester, in astonishment. The idea was a new one, and he paused to consider it a moment. Then he added stiffly, "I guess they won't haze me."

"Oh, they won't?" said the Rat, coolly.

his curiosity got the better of his dignity: "Then you've been hazed?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the other; "more than once. Have you ever read 'Tom Brown at Rugby'—the tossing in sheets, and all that? Well, it's worse than that when they march you around the yard in your night-clothes, and make you

shin the flagpole and make a speech from halfway up."

"But do the teachers allow it?" asked Chester.

"Oh, they're never around just then," answered the Rat.

"Well," said a voice, at which they both started and turned, "you need n't worry; you won't be hazed at the camp."

It was one of the biggest of the boys, who, in a blue serge suit, white straw hat, cross tie, and choker collar, looked like a college student, which, in fact, in a few months he was to be. He stood and looked at the two little boys with a good-natured smile.

"We won't haze you; you need n't worry," he repeated. "But new boys in camp must learn to behave properly, or it must be taught them. Now, this boy," he said, suddenly collaring the Rat, "looks as if he knew that already. Do you?" he asked, shaking the little boy slightly, "do you? do you? do you?"

Chester stood indignant, but the smiling Rat adroitly stepped on the big boy's toe. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Why, that's right"; and seizing Rawson by the armpits, the big boy raised him till their faces were on a level. "I thought you looked as if you knew something. But you," he said, dropping the Rat and turning to Chester, "look as if you would n't be happy for a time in camp. You don't like rough boys, do you?"

Chester was silent; he could not see if this were seriousness or play.

"Well, cheer up"; and the big boy laid his hand on Chester's shoulder. "You'll get used to us in time; we are n't so bad as we seem." As he turned away, Marshall Moore came up again.

"Who is that?" asked Chester of him, eagerly.

"Oh, that?" asked the curly-head, "that's George Tenney, the biggest boy in camp, except Jim Pierce. They two think they own the place. If you don't look out and be nice to them, you'll get into trouble."

"Why, is he mean?" asked Chester, always sweeping in his use of adjectives.

"Well," said Marshall, with a rising inflec-

tion, "mm—" He raised his eyebrows and his shoulders, and turned away.

"Who's that?" asked the Rat.

"His name is Marshall Something," answered Chester. "Don't you think he is a nice-looking fellow?"

"No," answered little Rawson, sturdily, "I don't; I like the big fellow best."

Now appeared before the boys Mr. Holmes and Mr. Dean, herding them together like sheep, and driving them to the train. A few relatives and friends went with them, and stood by the train until it started. So began the long journey to the north, and the jolting of the cars shook the boys up together like coins in a purse, till each new boy knew by sight and voice and name each one of the campers. Then a drive among the New Hampshire hills, in two great barges, brought them all to the view of a lake with long, low buildings among the trees on the hither side.

"This is the camp," said Marshall, who during much of the journey had been at Chester's side. Though he was a year older than Chester, they had at once struck up a friendship. "These are the shanties where we sleep; that is the dining-room and kitchen; there is the pump where we wash. See, the flag is flying for our arrival! Won't we have a jolly summer! Hooray!"

With shouts the boys tumbled from the teams; with delight the old campers instantly dispersed about the buildings, seeking their known haunts; with curiosity the new boys craned their necks and looked about them at the place which was to keep them for the summer.

"Come with me," said Marshall, and he led Chester about the camp. He showed him the shanties, where the boys slept on wire cots placed side by side; he explained at the pump how "fresh" boys were sometimes pumped upon; he showed him the dining-room and the kitchen, where the man cook was receiving the uproarious greetings of the boys. At last he led him to the edge of the gentle slope that overlooked the lake.

"There is the boat-house," said Marshall. "In that grove of trees down there we undress for our swim every morning. Beyond them is

a raft which we can't see. Do you see that island over there, with the one tall tree? That is just half a mile from the raft. And that point of land across the lake we call Terror, from *terra firma*, you know, to distinguish it from the Island. It's just a mile from the boat-house. Those are our two distance swims, and you can't go out in a rowboat until you have swum to the Island, nor go in a sailboat until you have swum Terror."

"Why is that?" asked Chester.

"For safety," said Marshall; "don't you see?"

"I see," said Chester, "but is n't it hard to swim a mile?"

"Oh, no," said Marshall, easily; "I've done it. Several of the boys do it every summer, and it's an event for the Cup."

They stood silent for a moment; then, half aloud, Chester uttered his thought: "Then I must swim Terror to win the Junior Cup."

Marshall turned round on him sharply, and his voice was metallic as he asked:

"So you mean to win the Junior Cup?"

CHAPTER II.

THE first day had been for Chester a day of new impressions which came so fast that each seemed to blot out its predecessor. Cast among boys not one of whom he had ever seen before, their many personalities confused while they delighted him. He came among the helter-skelter crowd with a mind filled with home-made prejudices, quick to condemn for ill-fitting clothes or awkward manner, hasty at deducing from a hat or a boot the character of its owner. Yet still he had imbibed from his father some of the natural American respect for a man, whoever he be; and in the uproar of the railway journey, rubbing elbows with boys of all sizes, who first of all were boys and after that were part of the camp, he luckily forgot the warnings of his aunt for the precepts of his father, and, a boy among boys, made friends with eager interest.

The new day happily removed from Chester all temptations to his cultivated prejudices, for each boy, after his wash at the pump, put on a regulation costume of flannel shirt and

homespun trousers, with cap and belt and stockings of the camp colors. Nothing was to distinguish them but face and figure, and at the clamorous breakfast-table, and soon after, at the not less noisy ball-field, blue bodies and party-colored legs made in externals absolute uniformity. For the whole summer nothing but personality was to show, and in time of need a boy could be helped by character alone.

The boys came flocking from ball-field and woods, hurrying for their bath. Among them, George Tenney and Jim Pierce were fooling with little Rawson, whose adroitness at baseball, and quickness of reply in boyish jests, pleased their fancies. Chester came with Marshall. He had played well, for in his first scratch game he had made a home run. A mild elation filled his breast; he noticed that the smaller boys already looked at him with respect, and he spoke with importance of his performances in games at home. Jim Pierce—the tall, quiet New-Yorker, handsome as Mercury—noticed him. "That boy is too fine," he said to himself.

About seventy feet off the lake shore was moored the raft, to which, with shouts and splashing, the adventurous spirits hastened when once their swimming-tights were donned. Himself ready for the plunge, but hesitating, Chester stood and watched the scramble as the foremost reached the raft. At his side was little Rawson. Marshall was already in the water.

"Don't you hate to go out there?" asked the Rat. "I do."

Shouts came to them from the raft. "Here—all new boys come out here!"

"Well," said Rawson, with a sigh, "here goes!" From the rock where they stood he sprang into the water and immediately began to swim steadily for the raft.

"Chester," cried some one, "can you swim?"

"Yes," he answered ruefully.

"Come out here, then!"

Slowly he entered the water, and swam to the raft, where, once arrived, he stood with the other new boys, awaiting their fate.

His feelings were mixed and unpleasant.

He knew what was coming—rough handling, which he could not avoid or resist. He had ducked boys in his time, but to be ducked himself seemed an entirely different thing; he could not see the reasonableness of it, and was very sullen. He revolved in his mind the idea that because those other boys had been at the camp longer than he, they nevertheless had no right to do with him as they chose. It was the custom of the camp, he knew, that each new boy should be ducked, but what had the custom of the camp to do with him? He saw no way of escaping the test, and slowly grew angry.

Jim Pierce, with a magnificent backward dive, now sprang into the water; a half-dozen other of the larger boys followed, Marshall among them. George Tenney, standing on the raft, evidently the master of ceremonies, ordered Marshall out.

"What for?" cried Marshall, in anger.

"Well, stay in, then," answered George; "but don't you touch any of the new boys. You're not to do any of this ducking; I know you too well."

"Very well," said Marshall. "You think you're awful clever, George Tenney."

"Get out, Marshall," said Jim, who swam near him with easy strokes.

Marshall turned to the shore with mutterings of discontent. George shouted after him: "Don't you duck the little boys, Marshall Moore."

Chester's sullen mood increased as the word "tyrant" came into his mind. He preferred being ducked by Marshall, if he must be ducked by any one. They were tyrants, these two big boys. What right had they to order Marshall so? "The right of force!" he answered to himself, theatrically. And his anger grew as he saw on the shore Mr. Holmes sitting quietly among the trees. Why did n't he interfere?

Now George approached Rawson and said, "Come, little Rat, get into the water!"

"Don't drown me, now," said Rawson, with a wry face; and he approached the edge of the raft and jumped in. One of the boys in the water approached him, and then, putting his hand on the shoulder of the swimming

boy, forced him under water. It was evident then that he caught him with his feet, and trod him still deeper; then, swimming quickly to one side, he waited for the little boy to rise. In a moment Rawson appeared, and began to puff loudly.

"Oh, say," he cried, "that was fine!"

The boys laughed, and even some of the trembling new boys laughed with the rest.

"Again," said Jim Pierce, and another boy seized the Rat, and sent him down again. For a longer time he remained under water, and then, appearing, laughed as before.

"Once more," cried Jim, and himself seized the little fellow and pushed him down unre-sisting. Then he himself disappeared, and only bubbles rose. It seemed a long time that they were gone; at last they rose together, the older boy holding up the younger.

"How are you?" he asked.

Rawson was game to the last, for after heavy panting, catching his breath, he said: "Is that all? For if it is n't I am nearly drowned, and if it is I'm all right."

"Get out of this, you rascal," answered Jim, and he pushed the little fellow to the raft, where, climbing out, he sat with his legs in the water to watch the trouble of his companions.

"Oh, I'm not so worse," he said cheerfully, in school-boy slang.

On shore, among the trees, and a little anxious, Mr. Holmes was talking to himself. "I feel as Mr. Dean does," he said. "These things do the boys good, for the rough test brings out their manhood; and I feel sure that I can trust Jim and George not to go too far. But I wish we had some kinder process."

Meanwhile the other boys took their medicine like men, till there were left on the raft only Chester and one other trembling boy. "Oh, are n't you afraid?" cried this poor lad. "You might drown while you were under there."

George approached him. "Now it is your turn," he said. "Fall in, my boy." But when he put his hand upon his shoulder, to urge him to the edge, the boy clung to him frantically, and burst out crying.

"Why," said the big boy, half roughly, half kindly, "all right, Useless, you need n't go in. Now, Chester, jump."

But Chester only stood firmly and looked him in the eye. His whole nature steeled itself for resistance. George surveyed him in perfect comprehension.

"You won't?" he asked cheerfully. "We have boys here once in a while that are just like you. I told you yesterday that you would have a hard time getting used to camp. Come now, Chester, do as the other boys do, and go in."

But Chester would not budge.

"Then squeal, like Tommy here, and we'll let you off."

"No!" said Chester, contemptuously; "I won't squeal."

Suddenly George seized Chester with both hands and twirled him round, caught him by the arms from behind, and, with a great shout of laughter, ran him to the edge of the raft and pushed him overboard. With an enormous splash Chester left the raft, but kept his head above water, and in a moment recovered himself. He remained treading water a few yards away from the raft.

"Look out, you fellows," said George, from the raft; "he's dangerous."

And in truth he was dangerous, as, with glittering eyes, indignant, he waited who should first approach him. Since he was not a practised swimmer, he could not escape from the encircling boys, and as to returning to the raft, George barred that passage. The boys remained at a little distance, and did not offer to approach him. After a minute the dignity of his position seemed less in Chester's eyes, as he grew tired of the unaccustomed exercise. Then suddenly muscular weariness seized him, and he was on the point of crying out, "Well, duck me, and let's have it over."

But at that moment Jim Pierce disappeared from the surface, and the water closed over his head with a slight ripple. Chester saw and caught his breath, knowing that in a moment the lithe figure, gliding like a shadow in the depths, would seize him. For a moment he waited, seeing smiles of triumph on the faces of the waiting boys, and with perplexity he felt that he, who never in his life before had been where neither his own skill nor strength, nor his aunt, nor his family, could

help him, now could not evade that certain seizure. Then suddenly a firm grasp was laid upon his ankle, and with a gurgle he was dragged under water. The water roared in his ears as it filled them, and with his involuntary, but immediately checked, catching of the breath, it ran into his mouth. The clutch left his ankle and was put upon his shoulders. Down, down he went. He felt that hands and feet were pushing him. It seemed a long time when suddenly the weight was removed. "I shall go up now," he thought, but still the water rang in his ears, as moments seemed to pass. The breath was bursting in his chest when at last his head emerged.

He shook the water out of his eyes, and caught eagerly for new breath as he looked about him. The boys were laughing, but in his confusion he did not notice them, for the raft was not where it ought to be, and at first he could not find it. When at last he saw it and struck out for it, the boys behind him called out, "Once more!" and he felt with sudden dread that perhaps they were coming up behind him. But George Tenney called no.

"That's enough," he said. "Chester does n't like it, and, besides, he does n't seem to be able to swim as well as the others. We'll let him off the rest." He helped the weary boy on to the raft, then, diving deep, engaged with the other boys in a game of tag.

"That's all over," said the Rat, slipping into the water. "It was n't so bad, after all. But you were foolish, Chester," he said, as he peered over the edge at his friend. "Why would n't you let them duck you? Do you think you own the camp?"

"Never mind," said Chester, surlily. Many thoughts ran through his head—the memory of his helplessness; the thought that all the boys, except poor, shivering Tommy, were against him in this matter; George's saying that he could not swim so well as the others; the conviction, which honestly he could not repress, that the ducking was not so bad as it might have been; and finally the Rat's frank imputation that he was too important. He could not answer some of these reproaches except by acknowledgment of error—a new experience, a new thought, that among boys in

strictly boyish matters he could be wrong. In discontent at himself, in growing anger at everything, he sat in sullen silence on the raft.

Rawson thought he had offended, and, in his quick, affectionate way, he climbed out to beg pardon. "I'm sorry," he said, putting his clammy hand on Chester's dripping shoulder. "I did n't mean to hurt your feelings, Chester."

Chester shook him off. "Let me alone," he said.

"Oh," said Rawson, drawing back. He stood, puzzled what to think. Chester sat for a moment, without looking up. That he had rudely repelled a friendly advance brought fresh reproaches to his smarting spirit. Yet he could not bring himself to apologize. He knew that in a moment the waiting boy would speak to him again, and in a sudden access of resentment against any one for being kind to him he rose hastily, went to the edge of the raft, let himself into the water, and swam quickly to shore.

Splashing by the shore were the little boys who could not swim. On the beach was Marshall, already dressing amid many mutterings.

"So you've got enough, too?" he asked. "I told you what George and Jim were like. They're a peachy pair, they are—bullying all the little fellows in the camp, and keeping it all to themselves, as if no one else had a right to boss the new boys. Hurry up, Chester, and we will go off somewhere by ourselves."

Mr. Holmes sat at a little distance, with his eye on all the boys in case of accident. Chester knew that he had seen what had passed. "I suppose he thinks I'm a fool, too," he said angrily, rubbing himself so that the rough towel hurt his skin. "But I don't care; it was mean." And so he dressed, and as the other boys came out of the water at the master's summons, he and Marshall went away into the woods, to work off their discontent by roaming alone until dinner-time. And Marshall told him all the stories that he knew of George Tenney and Jim Pierce.

But poor little Rawson was troubled still, and watched them ruefully as they disappeared among the trees. His sturdy little soul had been seized from the first with an affection for Chester which even his mistakes and his rebuff

had not shaken off. A boy—and this is true, let who will gainsay it—is in general a poor judge of other boys. Go among them; witness the downtreading of the weak, the complete rejection of those in any way exceptional or eccentric, and then see in later life how in many cases those boys, misunderstood by their fellows, take their place among men as men of mark. A boy judges by externals alone, by what appears on the surface. But the Rat, led by a true sympathy which his homeless life had trained and strengthened rather than weakened and destroyed, had judged more wisely, had seized upon Chester in his heart, and stubbornly refused to give him up.

"What are you bothering about, Rawson?" asked George of him. "Is it Chester Fiske? Cheer up. He is n't worth it; he's only another one like Marshall."

"Oh, George, he is n't," cried the little fellow, eagerly. "He's a nice boy—I know he is."

"And you never knew him before yesterday?" asked Jim Pierce, in some wonder.

"No; but he's a nice fellow, and he'll show it yet, if you'll only wait."

"Well, he'd better hurry, then," said George; and, as if dismissing the subject, he began to dry himself with his towel.

"I'll make him show it," cried Rawson.

George turned and regarded him soberly.

"Well, you are a nice little fellow, anyway!" he said.

"Never mind about me," said the Rat, dully. He was cast down because the other boys would not believe him. But Mr. Holmes approached him and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

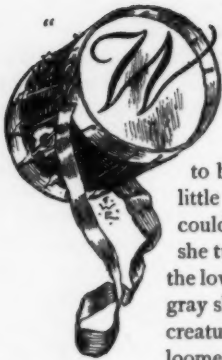
"Stick to it, Rawson," he said. "Others besides you are interested in Chester."

And Mr. Holmes, when he returned to camp, described the whole incident to Mr. Dean. "I did not interfere," he said, "because I think Chester is the kind of boy that learns best by experience. He is a boy of mind and character, and I think that the lesson which we wish him to learn will most surely be mastered by leaving him for a while to himself. His experiences may be bitter, but they will be very salutary."

(To be continued.)

THE CAVALIER'S SISTER.

BY BEULAH MARIE DIX.



"HY, 't is only a cow," Diccon urged. "Sure, you 're not afeard of a cow, Susan—a tall girl like you!"

Hard though it was to be shamed so before her little brother, Susan Whitaker could not help lingering as she turned into the lane from the lower meadow. In the first gray shades of the twilight the creature grazing by the hedge loomed threateningly great.

"Pray, pray do not go near her, Diccon," Susan begged, and gripped little Marjory's hand hard and made her walk faster as they neared the beast.

"Hi, Cush! Get up, girl," Diccon shouted, and ran to clap the cow on the flank.

At the first quick toss of the horned head Susan stayed no longer, but fairly ran down the lane, dragging poor panting Marjory after her. The sight of the little old manor-house across the next field reassured her somewhat, and made her think, too, how dreadful it would be to go home with the news that Diccon had been gored to death. So she halted by the hedge, still breathless, and looked back for her brother, who speedily came whooping down the lane. "Ah, but you 're a simple Susan," he gibed. "Afraid of a cow! 'T is like a girl."

"I was not afeard, not the least bit," Marjory put in, "but Susan made me run."

In spite of her fifteen years, Susan felt a childish vexation; it was humiliating to be mocked as a coward when she was trying to mother the younger children. "Take hold of Marjory's hand across this rough ground, Richard," she said with dignity. "You are near old enough to bear yourself like a gentleman."

Whereat Diccon turned up his heels, and, trying to walk on his hands, fell over sprawling.

"And now you have muddied your jacket," Susan sighed, as she helped him up. "Oh, dear! you 'll never be like your brother."

"Prithee, do not tell me about Robert Bowyer," Diccon interrupted. "He 's not my brother."

"He is mother's oldest son, so he 's your half-brother, whether you wish it or not," Susan replied. "And you would wish it if you could remember back to the time when he lived with us. For he was brave and handsome and kind, even to me, though I was then as young a child as you, and —"

"Well, he 's fighting for the King now, so he must be bad," persisted Diccon. "Did not Parson Grimstone say that all Cavaliers were children of Satan?"

"If you ever say such a thing of my brother Robert," Susan retorted, "I — I verily believe I 'll shake you, Richard Whitaker."

"Ho!" scoffed Diccon. "You 're not big enough, Sue."

To this his sister thought fit to return no answer, so in silence they crossed the field and entered the garden-close on the west side of the manor-house. As she shut the gate behind them Susan paused a moment to look back at the long gray fields and the evening star above in the gray sky. "To think that to-morrow night I shall be clear away into Buckinghamshire," she broke out.

"If you have the heart to go so far in the first place," replied Diccon, capering up and down the path. "What an if a cow cross your road? Will you turn back?"

"No," Susan answered; "I shall keep on to Grandmother Whitaker's house, and I shall stay there till I think my brother is ready to be civil to me when I come home."

At prospect of such a separation Marjory burst out crying, and Susan must leave crushing Diccon and quiet her little sister before she led her into the house. Since her husband's

death Mistress Whitaker had been in feeble health, so Susan had taken upon herself to care for the children and their many little worries; she loved them well, yet the thought of a holiday at her grandmother's, with no Diccon to tease her, and no Marjory to follow her constantly, was not unpleasant. So after supper Susan slipped away to her chamber and happily laid out her clothes for next morning's journey — her best red petticoat and gray overdress, and her cloak with the red linings. She liked the red in the cloak, for when the hood was drawn about her face she felt that, in spite of her straight dark hair and brown skin, she was not altogether uncomely.

When the clothes were all laid in readiness upon a chair, she realized she had been long about so pleasant a task, so she took her candle and went quickly across the gallery to bid the children good night. Marjory was already asleep, but when she entered Diccon's chamber, the boy lay with eyes wide open. He suffered her to kiss him, and even muttered: "You'll not stay long away, will you, Sue?" As she left the room, however, he sat up in bed and called after her: "But you were afeard o' that cow. Oh, simple Susan!"

But Susan forgot naughty Diccon when she came into her own room again, and saw the red cloak, and thought of next day's long ride on the pillion behind Moses, the old manservant, and how glad her grandmother would be to see her, and what a happy week she would pass with her. So she blew out her candle, and went contentedly to bed and to sleep.

When she opened her eyes it was still night, for the stars shone in at her lattice. She wondered what should wake her at such an hour, and then, as she was about to put her head down upon the pillow again, she caught a noise like the moving of a chair in the next room, where her mother slept. Susan sat up, wondering if her mother might be ill and need her, and then, as she listened intently, she heard the subdued heavy tones of a man's voice. After that, it was only a moment before she had flung her cloak about her and run out into the gallery to her mother's door. It was bolted, so Susan rattled the latch and cried "Mother!" and lis-

tened, and heard people move within, and again cried "Mother!"

Then the bolt was drawn gently back, and a bar of candlelight struck on Susan's eyes. Mistress Whitaker, with her hair about her shoulders and a loose gown wrapped round her, stood in the doorway. She looked pale, but her voice was quiet enough as she spoke: "Hush, Susan! Go back to bed, child."

But Susan heard the scrape of a heavy boot on the floor, and she sprang forward and clung to her mother. "What has happened?" she begged. "Let me stay with you!"

Then her eyes strayed beyond her mother, and rested on a man who sat eating at the table in the middle of the room — a big, curly-haired fellow in ragged clothes, who, as their eyes met, put down his knife. "Why, hang me if it be not little Susan!" he cried. "Come here, wench. Clean forgot me, eh?"

"Why, mother, is it Robert?" Susan asked under her breath, but the stranger heard and replied: "Who else would make free of the house at such a thief's hour, sister?"

"Robert, Robert, do speak lower," Mistress Whitaker entreated, as she closed and bolted the door once more. "Thank Heaven 't is only Susan has come upon us! She is discreet, albe she is so young."

"Come, my discreet sister, are you not going to bid me welcome?" Robert asked, with a smile that recalled the lad of five years back. So Susan went to him and kissed him. But then she slipped away and sat down at a little distance. For Robert Bowyer was now grown such a prodigious tall, broad-shouldered young man, and had such a mighty appetite for the cold chicken he was devouring, that she felt very shy before him.

"And you say you are on a mission from the King's army, and men are like to apprehend you?" said Mistress Whitaker, pacing nervously across the room.

"Else I had not come to break your slumber," Robert answered. "Pray you, sit down, good mother. And if you would eat a bit —"

"How can you eat at such a time?" the mother broke out.

"How can I refrain from it?" Robert answered, cutting a leg from the chicken. "Did

I not tell you I have lived in hedge-corners the last three days, and eaten —"

"Ah, poor boy!" said Mistress Whitaker, pausing with her hand on his shoulder. "Why did you ever venture in such a wild and perilous attempt?"

"Love of the King?" suggested Robert. "Nay, you do not love him, mother. Then, my own advancement. If I bring to Oxford the information I have gathered, I have the promise that I may lay off my plain lieutenancy and write myself 'Captain Bowyer.'"

"But if you do not reach there?"

"That is where you are to help me to plan," Robert said pleasantly, and turned his attention to the chicken.

There was silence in the room for a time. Susan drew her bare feet up under her cloak as she sat in the chair, and she looked about her, and noted that the casements at all the windows were fast closed so no telltale ray of candle-light might stray out. She put together what she had heard and told herself that Robert was what men called a spy, and perhaps if the Puritan soldiers found him it would be his death. The thought frightened her till she looked at Robert himself and saw how calmly he took it all.

"And to reach Oxford you must pass through Buckinghamshire, and 't is all Puritan there," Mistress Whitaker resumed.

"Yes; so I must have some respectable pretext to march in the open. Skulking in the hedges cannot be thought on, now that I lie under suspicion. And I must be mounted. Have you no kind of a horse, mother?"

"There is a horse from Farmer Wilkins's in the stable. Wilkins lent it unto Moses that he might take Susan to her grandmother's at Bayham to-morrow."

"To Bayham?" Robert smote his fist down on the table so the candles flickered. "I have 't, mother! Rouse Moses up and send him packing off on some mad errand. Then let me have a suit of his clothes, and I'll mount and ride in his place with Susan. We'll start before dawn; none need know us. Once at Bayham, I'll make shift to pass on into Oxfordshire, and —"

"Robert, are you mad?" his mother inter-

rupted. "Do you think I would let Susan be dragged into your danger?"

Robert got up from the table. "I'd not ask it for myself, mother," he replied soberly, "but I tell you, I have information that is priceless unto his Majesty. And for that I would risk more than myself. Come, leave it to the lass. Tell me, Susan, will you risk a trot across country with me, to save my worthless neck,—though that 's small matter,—but to aid the King and to aid all England?"

Susan's teeth were chattering with the chilliness of the room and the frightening strangeness of all she had heard, but when Robert stood over her with the coaxing look in his eyes, she could only falter out: "If 't is to help save your life, Lieutenant Bowyer, I will do what you bid."

"Lieutenant, is it? The Lieutenant thanks you, Mistress Susan Whitaker. Run, put on your gown now, child. We must be off at once. Never fear, now. I'll take good care of you. Look you here, if any knave of a Puritan trouble us." Before Susan realized what he was about, he had thrust a hand into his breeches' pocket and drawn out a long pistol, the sight of which made her cower back against the wall.

"Oh, Robert, there will not be fighting?" she begged.

"Nay, nay — if you be afraid —" her brother answered kindly. "Best not venture it."

"I am not afraid," Susan forced herself to say. "I'll be ready in a moment to go with you, Robert."

So she passed out into the gallery. The boards felt cold under her feet, and she was shivering all over. When she was safe within her own room she found she was crying, very softly, though, lest they should hear her in the next chamber. She was half dressed before she got control of herself, and even then the thought of the long pistol, and the instant's determined set of Robert's lips as he drew it, made her tremble again. How different it was from the happy journey she had planned! Even the red cloak did not matter now; for it was so dark she could not tell the color, and she dared not light a candle. When she was all dressed, and sat waiting by her window, she noted the moon looked wan in the west, and out of doors

it was all black and cold; within the chamber, too, all looked strange, and she felt she was in a bad dream, and hoped she might wake soon.

At length her mother spoke softly at the door, and, as if it were still part of the dream, Susan followed her quietly down the dark stairs, through the hall, where it was a little lighter, and so out into the damp spring morning. The

through safely enough." He lifted her up to the pillion, spoke a quiet word or two to Mistress Whitaker, then, jumping up before Susan, turned the horse's head across the field toward the lane.

For the first two miles not a word passed between them. Susan felt by the way Robert urged on their steady horse that he wished to



"COME, MY DISCREET SISTER, ARE YOU NOT GOING TO BID ME WELCOME?" ROBERT ASKED.

chilly wind seemed to bring her awake again, and she found life to put out her hand and grasp her mother's arm. They crossed the close in silence, and so came out into the field where the big farm-horse stood saddled, and at his head Robert Bowyer, in whole clothes and newly shaved, as Susan saw when they came up to him.

"Be ye ready, mistress?" He greeted her with a broad accent and a loutish tug at his forelock that made Susan laugh nervously. "Why, that 's well," said Robert. "Look on it all as 't were a mere holiday. We 'll come

get clear of the home village as quickly as possible, and his unexpressed anxiety filled her with terror. But she did not speak it out, only clung to him with her cold hands, and tried to adapt herself to the jogging motion of the horse, endeavored to count the setting stars, and so not think. The cottages and church of the village slipped by them in a confused and hurried way that made them unlike themselves. They left the farm-house that bounded the farthest verge of Susan's world behind them, and turned into a piece of damp-smelling woodland. The stars

were all gone out now, and the sky was a pale dun-color.

"It will be a gray day," said Robert, suffering the horse to slacken speed somewhat.

"How fares it with you now, little sister?"

"Well, I thank you, Robert."

"Nay, not 'Robert' now — just your manservant, and you can call me — Samson." Robert turned his head and smiled down at her over his shoulder, and Susan tried hard to smile back. Then he began to talk nonsense about preposterous adventures he had been through and come alive from, and when she laughed a little in spite of herself, he began to talk more quietly, and to question her of her mother and the children. Susan mastered her shyness somewhat then, and told of her mother's illness, and how good Marjory was, and what a trial Diccon proved sometimes. "But it is my own fault he doth tease me," she admitted; "for I am sadly timid. But a cow is such a fearsome great beast, Brother Robert, and for spiders and bugs, they do so crawl on you. But I know it is simple of me."

There she broke off talk, for they came to the outskirts of a village, so Robert must turn his head to the front like a respectful serving-man. At a trough in the center of the place he halted to water the horse, and, to Susan's alarm, fell to conversing with some men that were loitering there. She heard him tell them that he was conveying his mistress to Bayham, and then she only perceived that he jested roughly with the men, and mounted the horse with his face still a-grin. But once outside the village there came a change in his manner. He spoke with her no more, but put the horse forward hurriedly till mid-morning, when they made a sharp turn into a miry road on the left hand. "You know the ways about here at all?" Robert broke silence. "No? Well, we are heading away from Bayham now."

"Wherefore?" Susan asked, with a feeling that all the known world was slipping away from her.

"Those louts back there at the village let fall a word. There are over-many troops to the west of us to make it just pleasant ground for me. So we must head southwestward to Chescombe, and so into the King's country. I am

sorry indeed to carry you along, but I'll find friends to leave you with ere — ere the roughest part of the road comes. So you must not be anxious, child."

"No, I'll not be," Susan said stoutly. "Do not trouble yourself for me, Robert."

The rest of the morning she sat rigid on the pillion, and watched the hedges and fields go by, and the bright spot in the clouds where the sun was trying to break through. And again and again, try as she would to prevent, her eyes turned back along the muddy road they had come, and she half thought to catch sight of a troop of the Puritan horse galloping on their tracks.

Somewhat after noon they entered a considerable town, and drew up at an inn. "You must eat a bit," Robert said in a low tone, as he helped her to dismount. "Come in with me. You shall have a chamber to yourself. Don't talk with the people. And be not anxious, for I may be some time in coming again."

Susan tried hard to eat what the hostess of the inn brought her, but she could not. So all the long minutes she sat idle in the dark inn chamber, and wondered why Robert delayed, and what she should do if harm had befallen him. She found she was wringing her hands, without knowing that she did it, and once she just choked off a sob that came up in her throat.

But at last, when she was sure it was nearly night-time, a strong tread sounded on the stair, and Robert opened the door and bade her come.

"I had to get a better horse," he explained, as he hurried her away from the inn. "And I tried to find people whom I could trust you with. But 't is safer to take you with me. I mean to risk it. We shall be in Oxfordshire ere mid-evening now."

"That will be good," Susan faltered, and trotted along bravely to keep up with his great strides.

Quite at the far end of the town, in the yard of another inn, they found the new horse saddled and waiting for them. He was a powerful gray, far different from the farm-beast, and as they paced out of the yard he fretted at the bit.

"You are seated securely?" Robert asked. "We shall go at a better speed now."

Then he gave the gray horse a looser rein,

and they shot forward at such a pace that the mud splashed up to the saddle-girths. Susan held tighter to her brother, and wished they had kept the old horse, and scarcely dared wonder why Robert had taken such pains to make the change. What did "the roughest part of the road" mean? And he had said there was risk. She tried to question him, but the words stuck in her throat; and when at last he spoke something to reassure her, it was in a hasty tone that made her heart stop beating with the realization that he, too, was worried and nervous. Still, mile after mile rolled out behind them in the fading afternoon, and no sign of danger came. The tenseness of her fear lessened somewhat, the more so as she now began to realize that she was physically very tired with the strain of the day. In fact, she came at last to be only half-conscious of the passing fields, and only half to hear the pash of the horse's hoofs. She knew only that there was danger round them, and that Robert sat before her, alive and strong, and she held fast to him.

Of a sudden she started out of this half-waking state as a man's voice, close by, cried: "Pull up, fellow!"

At that the gray horse stopped with a suddenness that almost unseated Susan. On either hand in the dim twilight she had a sight of cottages, and, in the doorway of the nearest one, men in great boots and armed with swords were loitering. Right at Robert's knee, so near she could have touched him, stood a sharp-featured man with a yellow scarf across his jacket, and, peering farther, she saw a second man stood at the horse's head. Susan hid her face against Robert's shoulder, and had it in mind to pray, only she could not even think a prayer. She knew men spoke and Robert replied, but it was several moments before she grew calm enough to understand their words, and then she heard the man with the yellow scarf say: "No; you do not pass so lightly, sirrah. Our Captain will ride in shortly, and you shall speak unto him. Get you down, now."

"Oh, will you not let us pass?" Susan cried out, without knowing that she spoke.

"There, there, mistress, don't 'ee fret," Robert put in, with a broad country accent.

The fact that he was so cool, and kept up his

part still, shamed her. "Can you not explain to them, Samson?" she asked more quietly, and then, as he made a half-movement to dismount, she caught his arm. "Oh, must we delay?" she cried, and leaned a little toward the man with the scarf and spoke with a trembling voice. "Will you not let me pass, sir, with my servant? I have come such a way to visit my kinsfolk at Chescombe, and I am so tired, and—and—" She had to put her hand to her face there and stop speaking, for she could no longer hold back the tears of sheer fright.

"Well, that 's a brave piece o' soldier's work, master," said Robert, nonchalantly. "Here you 've set my young mistress to blubbering. Now, what more do you want of us?"

"Why," said the man, more dubiously, "I cannot be sure, though your look be honest."

Susan uncovered her eyes, and saw that the two men had drawn together as if to confer apart, and at that instant she felt the gray horse leap forward beneath them. Some one cried "Halt!" Then she had a moment's glimpse of a man running by the stirrup, and of Robert swinging up his arm and striking down at him with a pistol clubbed in his hand. After that she shut her eyes and clung to her brother, and knew only that the horse tore on beneath them, and behind and before them people were shouting, and there came, too, from in front a sound of hoofs. "The rest of the gang!" Robert cried, and with that the horse swerved sharply to the left. "Don't hamper my arms now!" Robert called to her, almost roughly.

Susan felt the rush of wind against her face, and felt her loose hair whip across her forehead. She felt the rough cloth of Robert's coat as she clasped her arms about him and clung with all her strength. People were still shouting behind them, and she heard a pistol-shot; but she could not scream, for the voice was gone from her throat. "Scoundrels!" she heard Robert jerk out between his teeth. "Hold fast, now!"

The horse seemed to rise up from the ground with a shudder through all his body; she felt Robert sway forward, then lean back against her. Then once more she heard the soft ground pashing beneath the horse's feet.

She dared open her eyes, and saw they were galloping through a dark field, and a black hedge was behind them, but no pursuers. Yet Robert did not cease to lash the horse on till the fields merged into a beech wood and they came safe into the shelter of a bridle-path. Then he halted the horse, and, bidding Susan

was, and a hedge on the far side. Those Puritan rascals durst not try it. The knaves! You pleaded with them bravely, Susan. Belike you have saved my neck."

Susan did not answer, but lay quiet against Robert's arm, and looked up at the sky and the branches of the beeches against it, and dared



"SHE HAD A MOMENT'S GLIMPSE OF A MAN RUNNING BY THE STIRRUP, AND OF ROBERT STRIKING DOWN AT HIM."

set her foot on his, lifted her round in front of him, and so holding her with one arm, set forward again.

"You are not hurt, sweetheart?" he asked very gently.

"No, no," Susan answered just above her breath.

"You're a brave little maid," Robert said. "There are not many I'd dare risk on such a jump as that we made. A fine broad ditch it

not think lest she recall the moment when the horse had left the ground.

At last, when the sky was all dark and the stars were out very bright, they halted again, this time by a great, lonely house with many lights, and a man ran up to them, whom Robert bade sharply to get ready a fresh horse.

"I must immediately push on for Oxford," Robert explained, as he lifted her down into his arms. "But I shall leave you here. They

are kinsfolk of my Colonel, and will keep you safe."

Then it was all confusion before Susan's eyes — a great hall, and candles, and a tall woman who kissed her; and at last she found herself sitting on a settle, with her head on Robert's shoulder, crying and not being able to stop, though she tried. "No matter, no matter, Robert," she sobbed. "But my scarlet petticoat is all mud-

died, and I thought they would kill you, and I am afraid of pistols, and — and prithee take me home to mother and the children."

"Presently," Robert answered soothingly. "And you shall have a brave silk gown to replace the petticoat. Come, come, don't cry so, lass, else I shall think I lost my gallant little sister on the road, and have here just Master Diccon's simple Susan."

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS NEW.

BY MABEL LETA EATON.

IF you were a little girl again,
 Mother Mahone, Mahone,
 What would you do the long, long day,
 Playing alone, alone?

If I were a little girl again,
 Nora, my own, my own,
 With just one long, long sunny day
 To play alone, alone,
 If I were a little girl again,
 And fairy folk were true,
 If paper dolls had human hearts,
 And all the world were new,
 Ah, listen, listen, little one,
 I 'll whisper what I 'd do:
 To the violet's lips I 'd put my ear
 And hush my heart that I might hear

The secret of its sweetness;
 I 'd search beneath the fungus shelves
 For glimpse of goblins, gnomes, or elves;
 I 'd run a race with the laughing brook,
 Or chase it to some witch-kept nook,
 Whose spell would stay its fleetness;
 I 'd hide in the haunt of the mocking-
 bird
 Till I learned its melody word for word;
 Full length upon the moss I 'd lie,
 Content beneath the changing sky
 In that one day's completeness.

If I were a little girl again,
 Even as you, as you,
 If fairy folk were truly folk,
 And all the world were new,
 I 'd just be happy, little one,
 Till the long, long day was through.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

"To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head,
To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
To the map that is half unrolled."

IF we were in England and had brothers or cousins or friends fighting in the war in South Africa, it would seem a much more real thing than perhaps it does to some of us here in America. English boys and girls are so accustomed to having relations and friends in the different colonies which help to make up the great British Empire that they take an interest for their sakes, if for no other reason, in the countries where "Uncle George" and "Brother Jack" have gone to help uphold the

glory of old England. That is the way we feel now about the Philippine Islands, or Cuba, since members of our own families have gone there to fight for the Stars and Stripes, or, if need be, to die for their country.

But we should take an interest in the war in South Africa, because South Africa is such a wonderful country, and possesses resources of every kind, which are going to make it one of the most important parts of the earth, not only commercially, but as a land of beautiful cities, rich farms, and prosperous, peaceful homes. Then, remember, America has a very large amount of traffic and business with South Africa, and numbers of our own people have

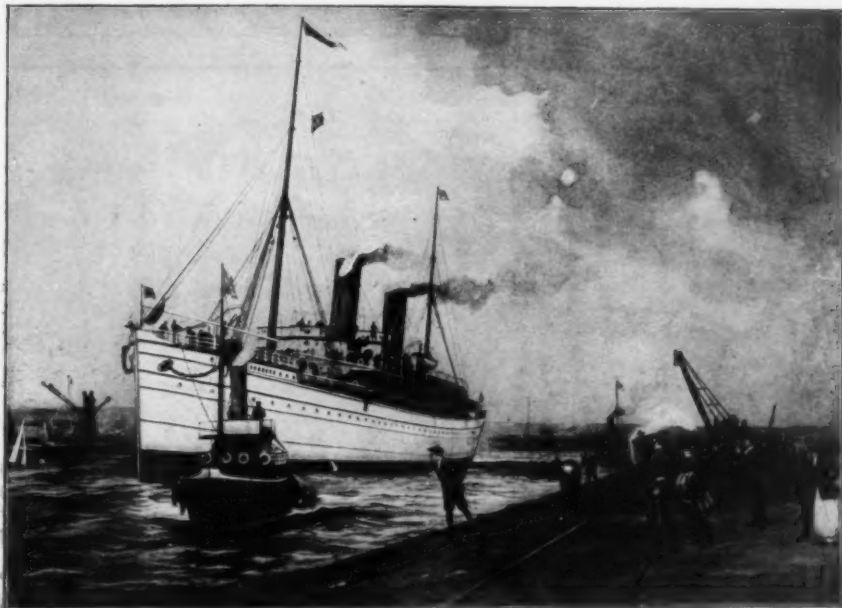
gone out there to make a living, and in some cases a fortune. To South African ports we send quantities of things: lumber from Maine and the forests of the West, petroleum from Pennsylvania, machinery for the mines from Chicago, electrical appliances from different cities, furniture from our large factories, canned goods, farm implements, and hundreds of other articles. In return we receive among our imports from Africa gold, diamonds, ivory, ebony, and cocoanut.

If we had been at school some sixty or seventy years ago, we should have seen on the map of Africa, in our geographies, the words "Unexplored Regions" written over a large part of the country. Since that time, how the maps have changed, and how the dark parts of the continent have become light! For these changes we have to thank the brave explorers and missionaries. We ought never to forget the services of these men, and should hold in honored remembrance such names as Moffat, Baker, Stanley, Thomson, and a score of others of equal fame, and, above all and before all, that of David Livingstone.

The name Africa was first used by the Romans, and some say, comes from a Carthaginian word which means a colony. The Greeks called the country Libya, and very little of the continent, except Egypt, was known to either Greeks or Romans. Those wonderful people, the Phenicians, penetrated into the interior, and, in all probability, learned from the natives of the existence of the gold-mines, which they worked, and which have been rediscovered in this century. These mines are in what is known as Rhodesia, a great extent of country which is coming to be of great importance under English rule. There one may see ancient buildings and tombs, and traces of the old mining operations, which must have been carried on several thousand years ago, perhaps more.

The gold of Ophir, mentioned in the Bible, came probably from these mines, and was brought to beautify King Solomon's temple at Jerusalem. At least, that is what some of the learned men think.

The natives from the interior used to bring down into other parts of the country quills



THE ROYAL MAIL-STEAMER "NORMAN," OUTWARD BOUND.

filled with gold-dust, which they offered for sale. This set people to thinking and looking, and following up rivers to their sources in the forest. After several different white men had found the old mines and seen the ancient ruins, they began to look for other gold.

A German named Mauch was the first man who discovered evidences of gold in the Transvaal, but, failing to interest his fellow-countrymen in mining in so difficult and distant a country, nothing came of his discovery. Not until an Englishman, Struben by name, found the gold of the Transvaal again, was any special interest taken in the matter. He spread the news, and in a year's time from the first opening of the country, twenty thousand people had arrived on the spot, eager to make fortunes. They came from every part of the world, and included every class of persons—miners from California and other Western States, younger sons of well-known English families, adventurers and speculators, and people who had given up respectable, steady occupations and businesses to join in the mad rush for gold. This crowd of excited, eager men (some women and children were among them, too) pitched tents, or nailed together a few boards for protection, or built frail, leaky shanties with roofs of iron bent into wavy ridges,—corrugated,—and began their new life.

They were over a thousand miles from the sea-coast, and some of them, who could not find any other method of traveling, or could not afford another, had come, after leaving the railroad, five hundred miles on foot.

There they were, when they reached the gold-fields, in a country without trees or vegetation other than grass, on the high, bare veldt (like our prairie), the great South African plateau, which is, in the Transvaal, about six thousand feet above sea-level, and to which all material for building, all conveniences and necessities for living, and much of their food had to be brought in ox-carts, and carried sometimes from even the distant coast.

This was in 1886, and now, where the first little wooden sheds and tents were put up, stands Johannesburg, a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, a fine town with good buildings, electric lights, and street railways. Stretching away from it toward the east and west runs the gold region, some forty or fifty miles in length. You will hear this reef, which was in prehistoric times the edge of a great ocean basin, called the Rand. This term is an abbreviation of Witwatersrand, which means white water ridge, and the ridge, or reef, forms the watershed between the Atlantic and Indian oceans. There are a great many of these Rand mines, and the amount of gold



"TREKKING"—TRAVELING BY OX-WAGON IN SOUTH AFRICA.

taken from them has long since exceeded the supply from any other part of the world. California and Australia are left quite behind in their production. You would not care for too many figures, but when you realize that

two cents' worth of anything, for the smallest coin in use is what South Africans call a "tickey," and that is equal to an English threepenny piece, or six cents in American money. All expenses of living are very high,



A SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD-MINE.

the Transvaal gold has frequently reached a value of about five million dollars a month, it is quite an overwhelming thought how rich the mines are. Enormous fortunes have been made from them, and men who arrived in the Transvaal without a cent have grown rich, while, on the other hand, numbers of people have ventured everything and lost all they had. Johannesburg is a city where everybody speculates, and a great amount of money is wasted every day. People make money quickly, and spend it as fast, and one pays for almost everything a great deal more than it is worth.

How would you like a place where you could never spend less than six cents at a time? In Johannesburg there is no buying of a cent's or

and the food is not good. Eggs sometimes cost a shilling apiece, and a cabbage is sold at the same price. Fruit is the cheapest food, and is brought around to the houses by coolies, who wear long white robes and turbans. They bring you bananas and oranges, guavas and lemons and pineapples, and sell them for very little.

The servants in South Africa are the natives, generally known as Kaffirs, which is an Arabic word meaning unbeliever. They, of course, belong to a great many different tribes, and vary very much in appearance, customs, and language. The finest natives in strength and intelligence are the Zulus.

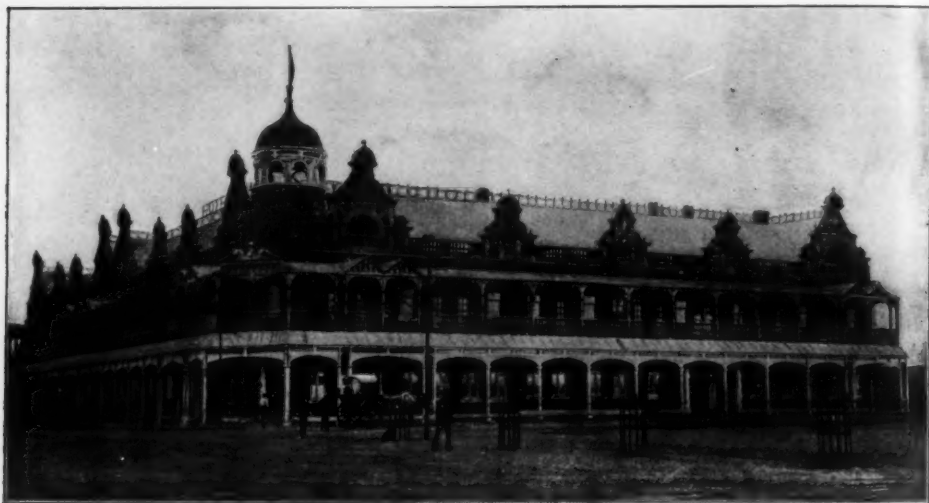
The native Africans who come to Johannesburg, or who work in the mines, leave their

homes for a part of the year, and if they do not spend their wages in drink or in buying clothes, they take the money back to their kraals. None of the family wear much except their own brown skins, unless when the weather is cold, and then they wrap themselves in a blanket.

In Johannesburg clothes are required, and nothing pleases a Kaffir more than to have a varied wardrobe. Waistcoats they admire particularly, and I have seen them with four or five such articles on at once. They are devoted to umbrellas, and carry them whenever they can, except in rainy weather, considering

In the hotel where we lived in Johannesburg our "chambermaid" was a big Zulu boy, called Jim, though that was not his real name, of course. He was quite thorough in what he did when he liked, and at other times would not be willing to do anything. I was a little afraid of him, he seemed so big and strong. His temper was rather uncertain, but we never had any real trouble with him. Some of the hotel boys, however, were very excitable, and one of them attacked with a broom a gentleman who remonstrated with him because he was not willing to clean a pair of boots.

The natives can be very kind and affection-



THE BULAWAYO HOTEL.

them too precious to be taken out in the wet. It does not make any difference how ragged or torn the umbrella may be, it is valuable in a Kaffir's eyes, and cherished most carefully.

The servants are sometimes very entertaining, though occasionally extremely exasperating. They expect and receive high wages, even when they cannot sweep or scrub properly, and their cooking is generally bad. They like to sit at the kitchen doors and talk, or sing their monotonous songs. One boy we knew had a mouth-organ, and used to drive us nearly wild by playing two or three notes, all he knew, over and over, almost every afternoon, directly under our open windows.

ate, but it is hard for white people always to understand them. They are often very bright, and can learn quickly, and missionaries have done a great deal to help and teach them, with frequently wonderful results. Most tribes have songs and stories of their own, which they are very fond of reciting and telling. The stories are generally about animals, and there is always a rabbit and a lion in them, just as there are in some of the Uncle Remus tales. Probably these old African legends are the source from which the negroes in America carried their stories of Br'er Rabbit and his friends. The Kaffirs know a great many things which white people do not, and their

senses are much more keenly developed than ours. No one understands how it is that news travels so quickly among them, but if anything happens in one place, it is known almost immediately by other natives miles and miles away. They seem to have some organized system of getting information that is beyond the power of the clever white man to find out.

The Transvaal would never have been known to the world as it has been, nor become of such importance, if it had depended on the Boers to develop the mineral wealth of the country. Foreigners, chiefly English and American, have done this, while the Boers prefer to sit still on their farms, which they cultivate just enough to supply their actual wants, or to look after their cattle, and to make hunting expeditions and ride about the country. This is a pity, for the soil is wonderfully fertile, and almost any kind of plant or tree could be made to grow.

Europeans knew nothing about the land of South Africa until 1486, when the Portuguese explorer, Bartolomeo Diaz, searching, like other voyagers of his day, for an ocean road to India, discovered the bold headland which he called the Cape of Storms, a title changed by King John of Portugal to Cape of Good Hope. It was Vasco da Gama who first went all the way around the Cape, touching at various points on his trip, to one of which, a green and fertile country, where he landed on Christmas Day, he gave the name of Natal, from the Spanish word for Christmas Day.

The way to India by sea having been found, many expeditions were fitted out, and ships of various nations sailed for the rich world of the Orient. After the war between Spain and

the Netherlands, and the union of Spain and Portugal, the Dutch were unable to carry on their Eastern trade through Lisbon, as had been their custom, and had to go to India for themselves. Then they organized what was known as the Dutch East India Company, formed for trading in India, and for gaining what advantage they could over the Portuguese. This enterprise proved most successful, and the Dutch merchants grew rich and powerful by it.

The men on the ships going to India suffered very often from disease, owing principally to the lack of fresh food during the long voyage, and it was thought advisable to make a small settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, where a garden could be planted and kept to furnish vegetables, and a hospital might be erected to take in sick persons from the passing vessels. The Dutch East India Company, therefore, sent out its first colonists in April, 1652. Before the settlement was actually made, the Dutch, as well as the English, had attempted to start a colony at the Cape, but nothing permanent had been done in that direction. At last, however, the first settlers arrived and began life in this new part of the world. They had a very hard time at first, owing to disease and drought; the natives



A DEALER WEIGHING IVORY TUSKS BROUGHT FROM THE INTERIOR.

and wild beasts were troublesome, but the plucky white men held on, and finally began to prosper.

In 1654 the first Boers (the word Boer, pronounced "boor," means a peasant farmer, like the German *Bauer*), mainly Dutch, but in

least, the Dutch and the English lived as friendly neighbors.

The Cape settlement remained in the possession of the Dutch until 1795, when, the French revolutionists occupying Holland, the colonists hoisted a flag of independence, and



TYPES OF SAVAGE NATIVES.

some cases Germans, began to arrive, and a little later the Huguenots driven from France joined them.

The introduction of slaves began ten years after the founding of the colony, and soon there were more blacks than Europeans.

As the number of people in the colony increased, and some of them grew much richer than others, the laws became more severe, and a feeling of dissatisfaction manifested itself. In spite, therefore, of a law forbidding the settlers on pain of death to move farther inland, because by so doing they would weaken the strength of the colony, many of the Boers pushed toward the interior, some of them reaching a point five hundred miles distant from the coast.

The land in this newly occupied part of the country being better adapted for pasturage than for gardening, these settlers became raisers of cattle and sheep, instead of gardeners, and soon owned large herds and many slaves. British colonists came out from England and settled down, and for some time, at

appealed to Great Britain for protection. The British accordingly took possession in the name of the Prince of Orange, who was at that time a refugee in London. You must freshen your memory of European history of that period, in case you have forgotten it, to understand how matters stood between the different countries. Then you will see how it was that when peace was restored after the Napoleonic wars, and Holland had been annexed by France, the latter country ceded to England the "Batavian Republic," which included, among other territory, the Cape Colony.

Under English rule matters improved for the colonists, and the administration was, on the whole, satisfactory, until the government ordered the slaves to be freed. The Boers, indignant at the loss of "property," for which they did not consider themselves sufficiently compensated, resolved to go beyond the reach of law and government, and what you hear spoken of as the "Great Trek" took place in the year 1835. Trek comes from the Dutch verb *trekken*, to draw or drag, and this journey

was so termed because the people who left the colony to seek another home farther inland traveled in huge ox-carts or wagons.

The first two hundred who left wandered on until they came to a country far from the sea, where, after many fights with the Matabele tribes, they held their own sufficiently to found the Orange Free State.

The second trekking party, among whom was the present President Krüger, then ten years of age, went over into the colony of Natal. There they failed in finding a resting-place, because they attempted to take land already in British possession. They, too, had their struggles with natives and many hardships to encounter, but finally they crossed the Vaal River, and soon after all the different settlers united themselves, for mutual protection, into a republic, under a man named Pretorius as president, and with Paul Krüger as commandant-general of the army.

It was not long before they found themselves unable to prevent trouble with the natives, and they appealed to England for protection. They were also heavily burdened with a debt, which they saw no chance of repaying. So Great Britain took them in charge, kept off the natives, and paid their debts, and at last, at the request of many of the settlers, the country was declared to be the possession of the British Empire.

It probably would not interest you to hear of all the political changes and discussions which have taken place in the country. It is enough to say that the Boers were not satisfied to be under English administration, and finally rebelled against it, with the result that, after a short war, their country was given back to them on cer-

tain conditions. These conditions not having been adhered to as England expected, the present war broke out. Let us hope for its early termination.

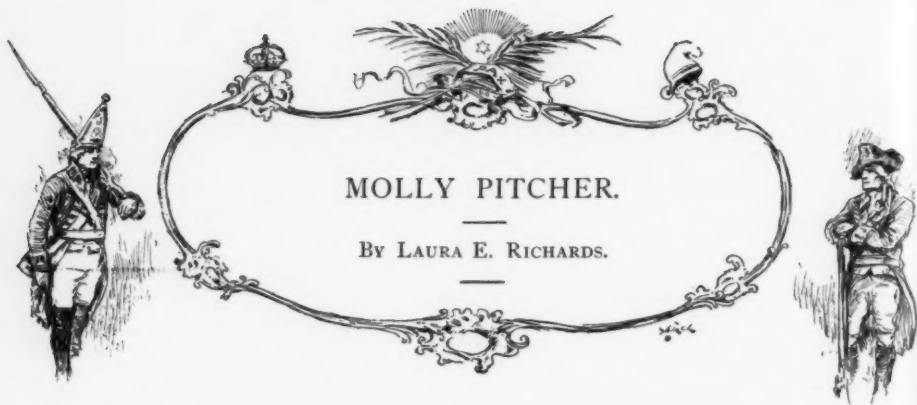
The more Africa is developed by enterprising people, the more valuable it will become in the world. Its size, three quarters of the earth's land area, makes it important, and its resources are unrivaled. I wish there were room to tell about the great ostrich-farms of the Cape Colony, and of the feather-market at Port Elizabeth; of the diamonds from the mines of Kimberley—how they are found and made perfect for the world to wear; of the vineyards and grain-fields, of the coffee- and sugar-plantations; of the endless grass-covered veldt, of the desert, and the lonely, bare mountains. You would like to hear of the quaint customs and curious foreign manners; of the 'riksha men (men who draw the jinriksha wagons), and the Boer policemen; of the cities—Cape Town, lying under the frowning mass of Table Mountain, tropical, beautiful Durban, Pretoria, the Transvaal capital, and the home of President Krüger.

We shall soon see the railroad and telegraph line completed from Cape Town to Cairo, and thus carried through what only lately were unknown and trackless regions from one end of the continent to the other. Then the secrets of the Nile and the Great Desert and the untrodden jungle will be secrets no longer, for all the world will know them, and Egypt, almost the

oldest civilized country, can shake hands with the other end of the African continent, where the British flag floats at Cape Town, and where the ships of the new as well as the old nations come into harbor from the world across the oceans.



A GROUP OF NATIVES DISPLAYING VARIOUS AFRICAN CURIOSITIES.



MOLLY PITCHER.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

PITCHER the gunner is brisk and young;
He 's a lightsome heart and a merry tongue,
An ear like a fox, an eye like a hawk,
A foot that would sooner run than walk,
And a hand that can touch the linstock home
As the lightning darts from the thunder-
dome.

He hates a Tory; he loves a fight;
The roll of the drum is his heart's delight;
And three things rule the gunner's life:
His country, his gun, and his Irish wife.
Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here 's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

The sun shoots down on Monmouth fight
His brazen arrows broad and bright.
They strike on sabers' glittering sheen,
On rifle-stock and bayonet keen;
They pierce the smoke-cloud gray and dim,
Where stand the gunners swart and grim,
Firing fast as shot can flee
At the foe they neither hear nor see.
Where all are brave, the bravest one,
Pitcher the gunner, serves his gun.

Oh, Molly, Molly, haste and bring
The sparkling water from the spring,
To drive the heat and thirst away,
And keep your soldier glad and gay!

A bullet comes singing over the brow,
And — Pitcher's gun is silent now.
The brazen throat that roared his will,
The shout of his warlike joy, is still.
The black lips curl, but they shoot no
flame,
And the voice that cries on the gunner's
name

Finds only its echo where he lies
With his steadfast face turned up to the
skies.

Oh, Molly, Molly, where he lies
His last look meets your faithful eyes;
His last thought sinks from love to
love
Of your darling face that bends above.

"No one to serve in Pitcher's stead?
Wheel back the gun!" the captain said;
When, like a flash, before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, with eyes of flame,
And lips that falter the gunner's name.
"Wheel back *his* gun, that never yet
His fighting duty did forget?
His voice shall speak, though he lie dead;
I 'll serve my husband's gun!" she said.

Oh, Molly, now your hour is come!
Up, girl, and strike the linstock home!
Leap out, swift ball! Away! away!
Avenge the gunner's death to-day!

All day the great guns barked and roared;
 All day the big balls screeched and soared;
 All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
 Who toiled in their smoke-shroud dense and
 dim,

Sweet Molly labored with courage high,
 With steady hand and watchful eye,

And looks where our gallant Greene doth
 lead

A figure clad in motley weed —
 A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
 Masking a woman's petticoat.

He greets our Molly in kindly wise;
 He bids her raise her fearful eyes;



"HIS VOICE SHALL SPEAK, THOUGH HE LIE DEAD;
 I 'LL SERVE MY HUSBAND'S GUN!" SHE SAID."

Till the day was ours, and the sinking sun
 Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
 And Molly standing beside her gun.

Now, Molly, rest your weary arm!

Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.

Now, woman, bow your aching head,

And weep in sorrow o'er your dead!

Next day on that field so hardly won,
 Stately and calm, stands Washington,

And now he hails her before them all
 Comrade and soldier, whate'er befall.

"And since she has played a man's full part,
 A man's reward for her loyal heart!

And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name

Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!"

Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!

Oh, Molly, Molly, here 's to you!

Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer

To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

LIZ AND BEDNEGO.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.



"'I GWINE GIVE DAT BEDNEGO ER WAKIN' UP ONE TIME,' CHUCKLED LIZ." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

MRS. WILLIE CABELL was sorry afterward that she had taken Mrs. Wingfield around the house by that path.

They had just been discussing the relative merits and virtues of boy and girl nurses; and Mrs. Cabell had become quite earnest—indeed, almost enthusiastic—over the trust and reliance she felt she could place in her girl Liz.

Then they turned the corner of the house. There, seated on a quilt, spread like a royal carpet upon the grass, was sixteen-months-old baby Cabell, laughing, clapping his hands, and following with big delighted eyes the motions of a fantastic figure which strutted in irregular, erratic circles around him in a sort of "crow dance." It was Liz, the model nurse-girl!

Liz was what the negroes call a "reg'lar

Guinea"—small, wizened, active; and black with an ebon, dusky blackness which suggested the action of time, wind, and weather upon her features.

She had a pert, apish countenance, and lips which were not thick, but were thrust out to an astonishing degree, forming a sort of shelf upon the lower part of her face.

She was as fond of collecting castaway odds and ends as a monkey or a jackdaw. Just now she wore, carefully balanced upon her head, one over the other, forming a stack about two feet high, some four or five old hats which her mistress had given her from time to time. As she hopped solemnly around in her crow dance, lifting her bare feet very high, and treading carefully upon their outer edges, she

looked so grotesque and outlandish, so utterly unlike a responsible human creature, that Mrs. Wingfield could hardly be blamed for saying, laughingly, after they had passed her:

"She's not just *my* ideal of a good, reliable nurse."

"Really," answered Mrs. Willie, with a depreciating smile, "I never saw Liz look quite so ridiculous, I admit. She's ever so much better and more sensible than she appears, though. She is such a queer, sly, woodsy creature, she always looks about as comfortable in her clothes as a squirrel, or any wild creature, would if caught and dressed up."

"She looks to me," said Mrs. Wingfield, "as if she might seem quite natural and suitable in Africa, with a waist-fringe for costume, a basket of mealies on her head, and a group of beehive-shaped huts for background. Truly, now, I think if I should meet her out walking some fine morning, in the heart of Africa, I should take her for no less than a member, in good standing, of the Hooey-ooley tribe."

Mrs. Willie Cabell could not help laughing at her friend's very apt and humorous description of Liz. But she was only amused, not influenced, and she said: "Liz is a faithful creature, brave and sensible in spite of her looks. I'd much rather trust her with my baby than trust any boy of her age that I ever saw."

"Some day, I think, you'll find," said Mrs. Wingfield, "that a boy is best. He is so much better able to take care of himself, and the baby, too. Boys are stronger and braver; if there's any danger or alarm—or if anything really happens—boys know what to do, are able to do it, and not frightened, you know."

"Huh!" said Liz, to whom scraps of this conversation had floated back, "reckon she 'spec' dat ole saddle-cullahed niggah boy she got gwine 'membah 'bout dat ah baby o' huhn, 'f ennythink skeer 'im?"

Baby Cabell, to whom this query was addressed, made no reply.

"I boun' yo', he gwine drap dat chile plumb smack in de branch, 'f er feesh flap 'is tail at 'im!" grumbled Liz. "He ain' got de sense he 'uz bawn weth. I say 'boy nuss'? Dat Wingfiel' chile ain' git'n' no mo' 'tention 'n er po' white trash; 'n 't ain' gwine git no man-

nehs, ner nuthin' larnt hit, ef dey puts 'pen'ence in dat ole no-'count, sleep-walkin' niggah boy! I gwine ten' on *you*, an' raise yo' like quality is ort ter be raise! I gwine fotch *you* up ter be er credick ter de fambly!"

Liz thoughtfully picked up the stack of hats, which she had absently dropped off as she talked, shunted them dexterously through a neighboring cellar window, gathered up her baby and quilt, and sallied forth, with a new grudge, to find and do battle with her ancient foe, Bednego.

Bednego was nurse to little Paige Wingfield, two months older than Baby Cabell. The Wingfield and Cabell lawns joined, sloping softly down, together, to the waters of Bosque Creek, and separated only by a Cherokee-rose hedge—a low wall of luxuriant green, snowed all over, in early spring, with a riotous waste of bloomy sweetness guarded by sharp thorns.

Over this flowery barrier many a wordy battle had been fought, Liz on the one side and Bednego on the other.

The great drawback to Liz's enjoyment of these encounters was Bednego himself. "Miz-zable, no-'count, 'Yassum-no'm' sort er niggah!" she snorted contemptuously; "has ter walk cross-legged faw ter git 'is wits woun' up! 'T ain' no fun fightin' 'im; 'e ain' good erwake maw 'n half de time!"

Liz was in fortune this morning. Under the great cottonwood near the rose hedge lay her despised enemy, fast asleep, his round, fat, yellow face turned up to the sky, wearing the intelligent expression of a pat of Jersey butter. The Wingfield baby lay asleep beside the unconscious "boy nurse."

"I gwine give dat Bednego er wakin' up *one* time," chuckled Liz, as she slipped through a gap in the hedge, possessed herself of little Paige, and crept softly back.

Babies were no trouble to Liz. She had a certain faculty with them. They were never unhappy, nor fretful and bothersome, in her hands. Lacking the cultivated intelligence which civilization and teaching give, the young girl supplied its place by the sure, unerring instinct with which a wild creature cares for its young.

She now proceeded to the other side of the

Cabell house, out of sight in case of Bednego's possible awakening.

Having laid both little fellows down on Baby Cabell's quilt, she fetched out two large baskets from the woodshed, tied them securely one to each end of a long clothes-pole, and laid it across the low limb of a scrubby tree. Putting a baby deftly into each basket, she see-sawed them up and down, like an old-fashioned balance, with such success that Baby Cabell was soon as fast asleep as little Paige.

In about half an hour Liz was gratified to hear Bednego's distressed voice at the side door: "Mis' Cabell, is yo' saw en'thing er li'l Paigey—whey is Liz, pleezzum?"

Liz continued to operate her see-saw, and to sing in a high, consciously offensive voice:

"Oh, Ham, Sham, an'—

A-bed-ne-go!

They's a meetin' hyer to-night!

Git ready, they's a meetin' hyer to-night—

Come erlong, they's a meetin' hyer to-night—

I knows yo' by yo' *dai-ly* walk—

They's a meetin' hyer to-night!"

This hymn had been made (by dwelling insultingly on the *A-bed-ne-go*) a cause for quarrel, before now. As Bednego's troubled yellow face appeared in the doorway, Liz added: "Knows yo' by yo' daily walk—seems ter be mos'ly er *crawl*, same ez er *tukkle*."

But Bednego was in too much trouble to take up the very evident challenge. "Is you saw li'l Paigey ennywhuz?" he asked in a scared voice.

"My lan'!" said Liz, in apparent wrath, "whut bizznuss I got seein' li'l Paigey? I is saw my own chile, an' I is ten' ter 'im, an' put 'im ter sleep, hyer in dish yer bastick, wid—er—sumpin' ter balance 'im, in de urr eend. How I gwine min' out 'bout yo' 'li'l Paigey'?" mimicking his voice. "'Spec' mebbe somp'n' done cyah 'im off w'ile yo' 's dah sleepin', lak I seed yo', wid yo' mouf op'n, an' de sun a-waup-in' yo' tongue tell hit cain' tell de trufe."

"I b'leeve I done los' 'im," said Bednego, the corners of his mouth going down.

"Um-m-m!" sneered Liz, with fine sarcasm. "Whey is yo' think yo' drapped 'im? Mebbe yo' mislaid 'im uv a yistiddy? Is yo' remembah hav'n' 'im ennywhuz ter-day?"

"Brack gal!" burst out the tormented Bednego, almost in tears, "doan' yo' fool wid me, I mought huht yuh! I b'leeve yo' is tuck my li'l Paigey, yo'se'f!"

Liz made a derisive hissing sound, like a shrill wind through a keyhole.

"Say, yo' know whey is he at?" pleaded Bednego, in a sort of weak whine.

"Noh!"

"You know who *do* know?"

"*Naw-awr!*"

"You know 'f *en'bod* who do know?"

Paigey himself here terminated the catechism by sitting up in his basket and calling for "Ben'go!"

Bednego shuffled forward, under fire of Liz's biting comments; divided between blessed relief and slow anger, he took possession of the baby, and shambled off, muttering, followed by the maddening skirls of Liz's shrill triumphant laughter, as she rolled and capered over the grass in excess of apish delight.

It is to be feared that Bednego's version of this performance did much to confirm Mrs. Wingfield's expressed opinion as to the relative merits of her nurse and Mrs. Cabell's. But the hour and the occasion drew near which were to exactly reverse the relative positions of Liz and Bednego in her confidence and respect. It was to come with that sort of thunderclap of an emergency which startles the actual nature of people to the front, and shows clearly and instantly who is brave, capable, self-forgotten, and who cowardly, helpless, and selfish.

It was a hot afternoon—the kind that makes older people cross, and causes babies to cry themselves sick or to sleep. Even the warfare between Liz and Bednego felt the influence of the weather and languished.

They had established their two charges on one rug, under the live-oak down near the creek at the foot of the Wingfield and Cabell lawns.

Both babies were fretting with the heat; indeed it was only this which made Bednego seek Liz's usually shunned society. She had a magic faculty for straightening down a baby's little garments free from wrinkles, establishing

him in a cool spot, giving a few sweeps with a palm-leaf fan, and blowing away tempers and tantrums, that was Nature's own witchcraft. Bednego was wont, when his duties grew too trying, and little Paige was past his pacifying, to call a truce, make his peace by any abject concessions Liz chose to demand, and to avail himself of her help.

Her skill did not fail this time, and both babies were soon lying contentedly on their backs, looking up into the cool green depths of the big tree, each playing sweetly with a fluffy gray turkey-feather with which he had been thoughtfully provided, and which, it is safe to venture, he would have scorned as a means of entertainment from any hands but Liz's.

Bednego went promptly to sleep, and Liz lay softly kicking her slim bare heels on the soft, thick mat of the Bermuda grass, listening to the cooing of the babies and the soft lisp of the creek below.

Suddenly, as she was almost dozing, she heard Baby Cabell say, "Pitty, pitty! Pitty sing!"

Liz raised her head and looked to see what the baby meant.

Baby Cabell was sitting up; right in front of him lay what looked like a tangled skein of yellow-and-brown zephyr. It was a "cotton-mouth," one of the most venomous snakes known to the Southern States. Its evil, diamond-shaped head was raised and swaying, and Baby Cabell's dimpled hands were stretched toward it, following its motion, as he cooed, "Pitty, pitty!"

A quiver ran through Liz's body as she looked.

"Oh, Mawstah! Oh, good Mawstah!" she whispered in a small, husky, stifled whisper, her starting eyes glaring whitely.

There was no time for action to result from conviction of duty, from reasoning, or from training; there was but the space between one breath and the next for her sharp, quick eyes and wits to perceive the baby's deadly peril. With the instinct of her brave, simple, loyal nature, she launched herself bodily upon the lithe yellow-and-brown coils. Her little rusty-black hands, with all five fingers spread, shot out like pieces of swift machinery. They grasped

blindly at the snake, caught around the neck just back of the head, and closed convulsively.

Then Liz recoiled, lost her balance, and rolled over, never relaxing her hold. Now she was on the steep bank of the creek. Dig her toes in as she might, she could get no hold. Her headlong descent could not be stopped unless she flung away the writhing, threshing snake and used her hands.

But the babies above — the reptile mad with rage as it was! No! Liz was faithful — faithful unto death, as she believed; and girl and snake, snake and girl, rolled over and over till a splash told that they had landed in the creek.

The last turn of this wild whirl proved fatal to the snake, the full weight of Liz's body falling on its head, just beyond her hold, and snapping its neck, so that it fell into the water beside her, an inert mass.

At Liz's violent onslaught and struggles, both babies had set up a frightened crying. Bednego, roused thereby, sat stupidly up, pulled his few and heavy wits together, and, as he saw Liz's bare black heels and the whole latter part of the snake going over the bank, became, for the first and last time in his history, thoroughly excited.

Jumping up, without a thought for the safety of the babies left behind, he rushed madly toward the Wingfield house, shrieking, "Fi-ah! Fi-ah!" at the top of his voice.

His cries instantly brought Mrs. Wingfield, Mrs. Cabell, and the Wingfield gardener to the scene.

The babies were caught up, felt over, and found to be unharmed. Then Bednego was discovered to be pointing wildly toward the creek.

They all ran down, and saw, lodged against the fence which ran across the swift little stream, a small black face bobbing up from among the lush green masses of tangled water-cress.

Upon the instant of their seeing her, the current reversed Liz, and instead of her countenance, two large flat soles were suddenly presented to their anxious eyes.

The gardener instantly jumped in, and soon brought her out, wreathed, garlanded, garnished,

head, hand, and foot, with long, luxuriant green streamers of cress, off which ran brisk little rivulets of water—a sort of negro-minstrel Ophelia.

Soon, sitting on the bank, and nervously pulling off the cress as best she could, Liz told in her own way, and in a few brief sentences, the exciting story of the killing of the snake.

But Liz could not spare Bednego.

"'F I 'd er hed time," she concluded, regarding judiciously a stem of water-blossom she had just plucked from her wool, "I 'd er fed out dat ole fat Bednego ter de serpint. H' yain' fitten fer nuthin' else, far ez I kin see; but I 'low he 'd mek right good snake-feed."

AS TOLD TO LITTLE BEN.

BY WILLIAM B. MACHARG.



THE "Marion Squizzle" it were she was,
Wi' lumber from Manistee;
An' 'long about noon it come on to blow —
Blowed food-fer-th'-fish (says he).

I seen some men in my life (he says)
It been jus' a pleasure to eat,
But fer out-an'-out-an'-come-in-ag'in,
Gi' me that Cap'n Pete.

He come on deck in that ter'ble blow,
In that howlin', wallopin' gale,
An' he rousts th' han'ses up from below,
An' he sets a foretopsail.

"Don't none on ye tech that sail," he says,
"By the rollicky jamboree!
Don't none on ye tech that sail," he says,
"Without you speak to me!"

He says it partic'ler to me an' Jim,
 An' he ups an' goes below,
 An' we ain't no more los' sight o' his head
 But she buckles right on to blow.

The Marion Squizzle she bends that much,
 A-standin' aft by th' wheel,
 I can't see th' lookout for'ard at all;
 She 's a reg'lar squirmin' eel.

An' Jim, he bein' th' cap'n's son,
 An' lookin' consider'ble pale,
 "Gee-whillicker-rockets, boys!" he says,
 "I 'm goin' take in that sail."

"You better speak to Pete," I says;
 "I know he 'll be madder 'n sin."
 But Jim he rousts th' han'ses out,
 An' he goes an' takes her in.

An' Cap'n Pete he comes up on deck,
 An' th' very firs' thing he see
 Is his mas' a-standin' thin an' black
 Where his tops'l oughter be!

"Who 's took in that sail?" says Cap'n Pete.
 "Who 's taken her in?" says he.
 "Who 's went an' taken that tops'l in
 "Without fust speakin' to me?"

"I taken her in," says Jim, he says,
 "Or they 'd 'a' been trouble to mend;
 If I had n't 'a' went an' taken her in
 She 'd a-stood us right up on end."

"You git in that boat!" says Cap'n Pete.
 "Git into that boat!" says he.
 "The Marion Squizzle don't carry none
 "But takes their orders o' me."

We begs of Pete like he was *our* pa—
 Beseeches him hard an' swif';
 But he puts that Jim in a open boat,
 An' he turns him orf adrif'.

An' that boy Jim he comes safe ashore,
 An' he don't never ship a sea;
 But the Marion Squizzle turns bottom up,
 An' we all was drowned (says he).

A CAMERA IN MID-AIR.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

THE Statue of Liberty is situated on a very small island, in the center of a star-shaped disused fort completed November 9, 1814. The fort is so large in proportion to the size of the island that on three sides of the statue there is only a narrow roadway adjoining the water. I found it impracticable to fly kites from the interior of the old fort, from which the pedestal and statue project, because the high stone walls of the fort are surrounded by deep dry moats, which are accessible only from two narrow entrances. I had already decided that I must send my camera up into the air from the ground, and at a distance from the statue, out over the water.

The only winds sufficiently strong and steady to maintain the kites aloft during the several hours necessary for aerial photography

were from the west and northwest. The statue, with its torch three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the water, faces eastward, and owing to the direction of the wind I was compelled to send up my camera-sustaining kites from the south side of the statue, and from the narrow path which passes along the high bank outside the fort. This pathway curves so rapidly that in laying out my line to send up the first kite I was at once forced to swing the kite sidewise over the water which laps the base of the high stone wall bounding the island. I had thirty-five kites, five, six, and seven feet in diameter, and a powerful reel with a steel shaft. This large supply of kites seemed to me necessary, because I believed that my experiments over the water would result in the loss of some of the kites—perhaps

a whole tandem line of them. I had planned to take as many pictures as possible during a week's vacation.

Of the six days during which my kite experiments were carried on, three were not favora-

radiating from the larger main line, like branches radiating from the trunk of a tree. Each branch of string had a kite at the end of it.

My camera, which, with its bracing-frame, weighs about three pounds, is hinged to a



A KITE-PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LIBERTY STATUE.

TAKEN BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

ble for photography, and on the other three the wind was so high that two kites were torn to pieces in the air, and two were driven into the water and partly destroyed by being hauled ashore over the wave-washed rocks.

By using kites with very stout frames I finally succeeded in maintaining my camera aloft during several hours on two days; but so powerful was the wind that all the lifting was done with two tailless kites six feet in diameter, flown tandem, each kite with its individual line

small whirling table of wood, which can be set to point in any direction, regardless of the direction in which the kites are flying. Before it left the ground I pointed it back at the statue and braced it rigidly into the upward-slanting kite-cable. When this kite-cable was paid out, the camera, being part of it, like a knot, went upward, exerting a fifty- to seventy-five-pound pull, and it moved out over the water to the eastward and away from the statue. As I continued to let out the kites,

the camera rose higher than the torch of the statue. When the camera had gone as high as I dared to send it—for the higher it goes the greater and more dangerous is the pull—I snapped the shutter and took the picture by

the front of the camera to snap open and shut in about one twenty-fifth of a second. The picture is taken so quickly that the camera usually has no time to cause a blur in the photograph due to the swaying motion



A SECOND PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM A GREATER HEIGHT.

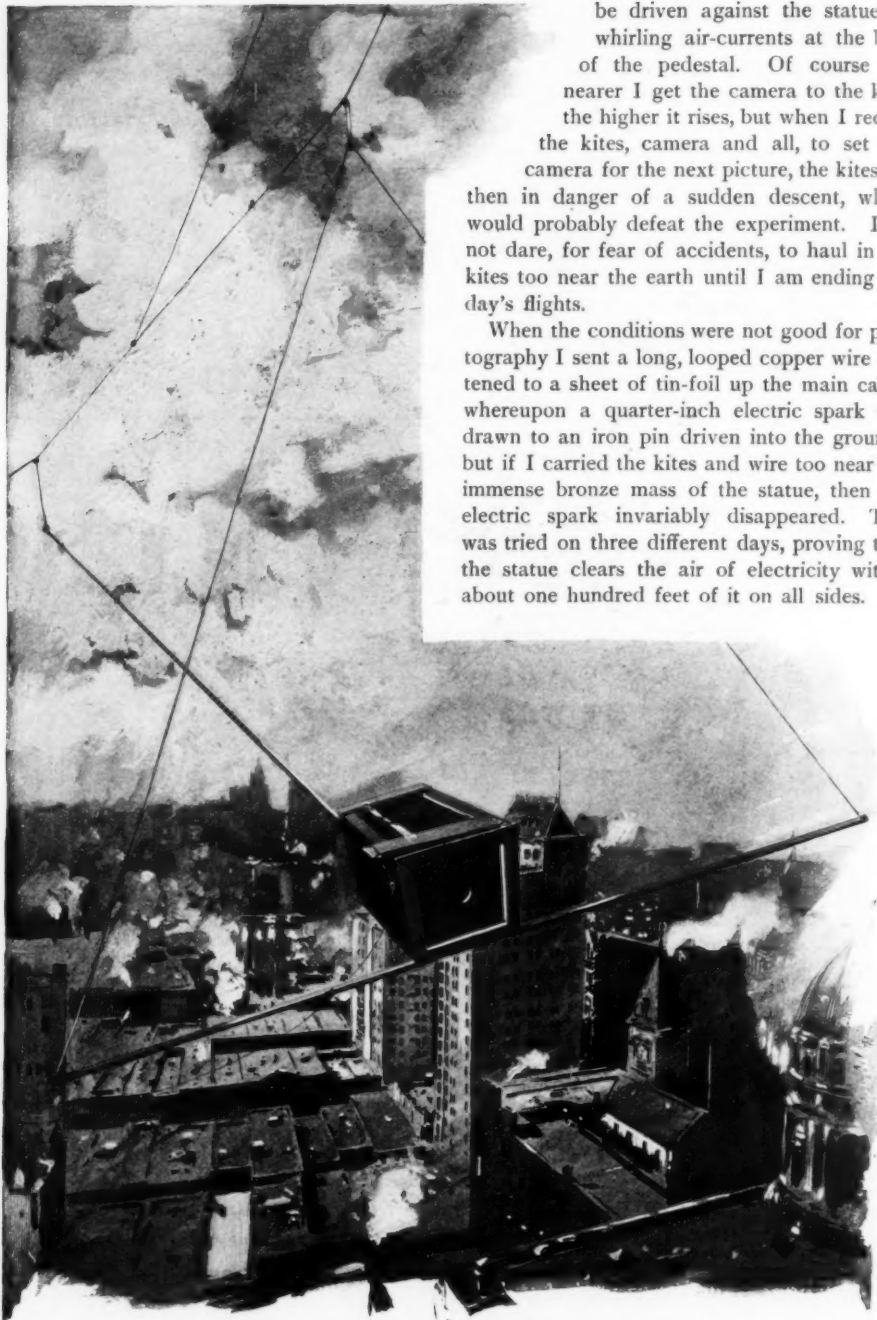
TAKEN BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

means of a special thread, separate from the kite-cable. I pulled this thread, standing at a point by the sea-wall nearer the camera than where the kite-cable was held by the reel, which was pinned to the ground with iron pins.

The special thread, very thin, is fastened to the slightly projecting cross-bar on top of the camera, and when the thread, which is paid out upward as the camera rises, is pulled, it presses downward the spring-restrained cross-bar upon a button, which causes the shutter in

caused by the ever-moving kites. There is no certainty that the picture has been taken, up there, until the camera has been hauled down to the earth and the shutter examined to see if it has sprung. Then a new picture-receiving surface is rolled into position, and the camera makes another ascension.

I did not pull in the kites too far when fastening the camera into the main kite-cable, because of the fear that the kites might come down into the water during a sudden lull, or



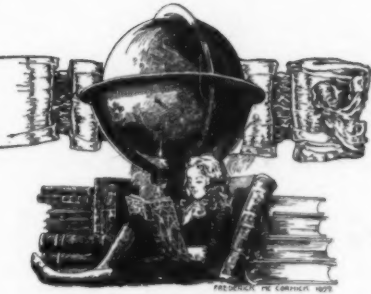
EDDY'S AERIAL CAMERA.

be driven against the statue by whirling air-currents at the base of the pedestal. Of course the nearer I get the camera to the kites the higher it rises, but when I reel in the kites, camera and all, to set the camera for the next picture, the kites are then in danger of a sudden descent, which would probably defeat the experiment. I do not dare, for fear of accidents, to haul in the kites too near the earth until I am ending the day's flights.

When the conditions were not good for photography I sent a long, looped copper wire fastened to a sheet of tin-foil up the main cable, whereupon a quarter-inch electric spark was drawn to an iron pin driven into the ground; but if I carried the kites and wire too near the immense bronze mass of the statue, then the electric spark invariably disappeared. This was tried on three different days, proving that the statue clears the air of electricity within about one hundred feet of it on all sides.



BOOKS AND READING.



HIS PRESUMPTION.

WHEN Beethoven was a young man he once remarked that he wished he might find a publisher, as Handel and Goethe had done, who would take all he wrote and pay him a certain income. But the gentleman to whom he said this answered:

"My dear young man, you must not complain, for you are neither a Handel nor a Goethe, and it is not to be expected that you ever will be, for such masters will not be born again."

BOOK-LENDING.

A GOLDEN rule is: Lend your books to those who are not fortunate enough to possess them. Of course, in these days of free libraries and cheap literature, such demands are not so often made upon your private fund, but the true lover of books is always willing to share the pleasure they give. On the other hand, those who borrow should appreciate the favor, and accept the responsibility of returning books promptly and in good condition.

THE OLDEST LAW-BOOK.

IN the Library of San Lorenzo at Florence, there is preserved, among other rare and curious works, a manuscript volume known as the "Justinian Pandects." This book is of the greatest value, and no other copy of it exists. It was taken from the people of Pisa by the Florentines, and the Pisans had carried it away from the famous Library of Amalfi, near Naples, where it had been carefully kept for years.

The book was drawn up in the reign of the Roman Emperor Justinian, and is a summary and arrangement of all the laws up to his time. When he came to the throne, finding great confusion prevailing as to the laws, he appointed a commission to arrange and classify them. This work they successfully carried out, though they had to read through no less than two thousand

treatises, comprising three million sentences. This volume in Florence was made in 534, and on the system it contains all modern law is founded. So there is reason for keeping such a curious and venerable work most carefully.

"CRITICISM."

THERE is no word in the dictionary more awe-inspiring to young people, who associate it in many ways with their school trials and tribulations; it splutters in inky blotches over their composition-books and their exercises in French or German or Latin, and is, to their vivid imaginations, a most unpleasant stumbling-block. Doubtless they think so because of those very blotches, which mar the painstaking writing and make the detected faults very glaring. But when they quite understand that criticism is not always fault-finding, they find there is a pleasant side to the character of this sometimes stern judge.

Especially in one's reading, the cultivation of a certain attitude of criticism doubles the pleasure of the book. Instead of saying, "I like it," or "I don't care for it," it is twice as satisfactory to give a reason. We find it so easy to ask "Why?" that we should naturally take delight in answering our own questions. For no matter how young or how old we are, we all like to express our opinions; and instead of *talking* over what we read, and forgetting it, very likely, with our interest in the next new book, would we not save much time and trouble, and acquire many happy memories, if we *wrote* down our impressions, our *criticisms*, in fact, which are none the less criticisms though coming from us, and not from those who have made the judgment of books a life-work?

Children are often excellent critics; they are too honest to hide their real feelings, and if they read what is best suited to their age and intelligence, their opinions are worth having. Many authors, believing this, have found their best encouragement in the hearty approval of their young friends; but apart from the author's standpoint, this criticism is delightful mental training, with no enforced study or laid-down rules. I can call to mind several instances, but there are two which stand out most prominently, because they accomplished the same purpose in different ways. One girl kept a book of clippings, all about well-known authors, their sayings and doings and writings, adding criticisms of her own when the extract referred to some favorite author. The other received no help from outside. She read a book—romance, history, poetry, biography, it made no difference; then, with the reading fresh in her thoughts, she wrote down her ideas about it, expressing her views simply and honestly, in a few well-chosen words. She kept these criticisms until the end of a year, brought them forward for review, and in reading them aloud she surprised herself, as well as others, not only by the amount of good reading she had thus recorded, but by the little volume of valuable essays which she had unconsciously collected.

ARABIC NUMBERS.

DID you know that the system of numerals which we call the Arabic notation was not in general use in Europe until about the thirteenth century? Before that time the Greek and Roman notation prevailed. The Arabic numerals came into Spain through the Arabs, but these latter people, though they had known and employed the system for hundreds of years, did not originate it. It came from India, and can be traced to the early years of the Christian era, at least. You might remember that the first European writer who used the Arabic figures in decimal fractions, and explained them, was Simon Stevin de Bruges, known as Stevinus.

SCOTT'S "TALISMAN."

THE "Lee Penny" which suggested Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman" is preserved by the

Lockhart family in Lee House, Lanarkshire, and its history is curious. It is nothing but a triangular piece of pebble set in an ancient silver coin, and was long supposed to act as a charm against various diseases. When Bruce died and his heart was taken, as he had requested, to be buried in Palestine, one of those who went on that expedition was Sir Simon Lochard of Lee. As part of the ransom of a Saracen chief, he received this supposed magical stone, and brought it home with him to be kept ever since by his family. His name, by the way, was changed to Lockhart because of services connected with the burial, in a locked silver casket, of the heart of Bruce.

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

BY EDGAR WADE ABBOT.

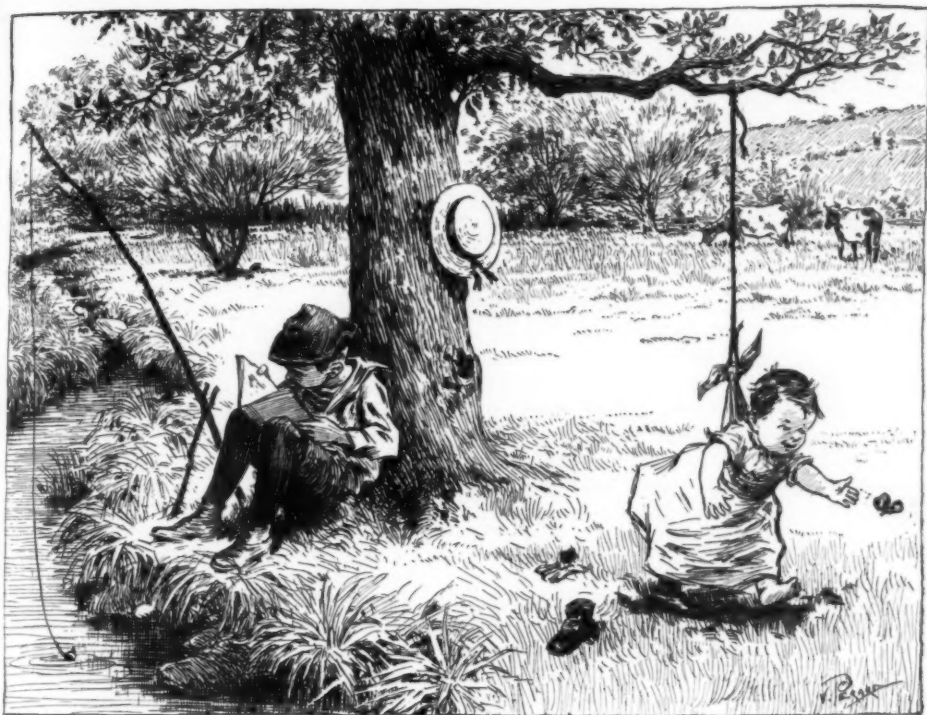
ALADDIN'S Lamp! If it were mine,
With all its wondrous magic might,
Around my hearth on faces bright
This pleasant evening it should shine!
For I would bid to feast and dance
The blessed children of romance,
I, like that Oriental scamp,
I had an all-compelling lamp!

I'd bid that lass from Wonderland
Return to us this moonlight night,
And bring with her the Rabbit White,
The Guinea-pigs and Hatter bland,
The Cheshire Cat with grin unique,
The Duchess and the Dormouse sleek;
I'd bid the Lobster, too—though damp—
If I but had Aladdin's Lamp!

You, patient, gentle Little Nell,
Acquainted with the world's neglect,
Protecting him who should protect,
You, whom I've loved so long and well,
I'd give you of my choicest, best,
I'd give you comfort, dear, and rest,
After your long and weary tramp—
If I but had Aladdin's Lamp!

You, too, dear lad with manly ways,
Brave-hearted, honest, noble boy,
Cedric, my young Lord Fauntleroy,
And all your friends of earlier days—
"Dearest," of course, and bootblack Dick,
The old Earl, leaning on his stick,
And honest Hobbs with hearty stamp—
If I but had Aladdin's Lamp!

That round and rosy young Dutch pair,
Gretel and Hans, on silver skates,
Should come, and bring their merry mates,
To meet the jolly young folk there!
Then Tiny Tim should start the fun
With sweet "God bless us, every one!"
Aladdin! why did you decamp
And not leave me your magic lamp?



IF YOU ARE READING A "SPLENDID" BOOK, AND THE FISH ARE BITING, AND YOU HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THE BABY, WHY—WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER V.

MISS WHEELER'S STORY.



WHEN Mrs. Temple and Miss Wheeler returned to their rooms they found Mabel snuggled up as comfortably as a dormouse and fast asleep.

"There!" exclaimed kind Miss

Wheeler, "that's the best medicine, and she will waken fresh and happy as she can be. Meanwhile, Mrs. Temple, you lie down and rest, while I unpack trunks and make the room seem a little more homelike."

"But, Miss Wheeler," Mrs. Temple remonstrated, "you, too, are tired from your journey, and need rest as much as I. I cannot let you do quite everything."

"But I'm going to have my rest, too, when my charges are tucked safely away," Miss Wheeler answered, plumping up the sofa pillows on the big sofa in Mrs. Temple's room.

"How do you manage to make people do

so exactly as you wish to have them?" asked Mrs. Temple, from the comfortable old sofa.

Miss Wheeler laughed as she laid the rug carefully over Mrs. Temple. "Oh, I don't know. Perhaps when nature made me for a nurse she also gave me a masterful eye."

Mrs. Temple laughed. Nothing could have been softer or more winning than Miss Wheeler's gray eyes.

"Some day you must tell me how you happened to become a nurse," said Mrs. Temple. "I often wonder what special good fortune sent you to us."

"And have I nothing to be grateful for, I'd like to know?" Miss Wheeler asked. "Do you know how long I've been with you?"

"Always, I believe," was Mrs. Temple's affectionate reply.

"The time I have been with you—and it will be exactly seven months on the 24th—has been one of the happiest times of my life."

"I hope the future holds only happiness for you," replied Mrs. Temple; "you certainly merit it."

"Let me think it does, anyway; for the past could have been improved upon, I assure you."

"Was it so very hard, then? Don't think I am curious, but there have been times when I fancied your life had not been happy."

"And you were right," was the answer,—"at least, not since I was a child. I do not remember my mother, but father was my all"; and a break came in the usually cheery voice.

"Come, sit beside me, dear, and tell me all about it while I rest," said Mrs. Temple, very gently.

And Miss Wheeler seemed glad to sit beside her kind friend and accept the offered sympathy.

"There isn't much to tell," Miss Wheeler said, as she leaned back in the little old rocking-chair, "and I'm afraid it will sound stupid when told, but I *shall* be glad to tell you.

"To see you, Mr. Temple, and Mabel together daily has given me a glimpse of what the word 'home' means. Had father lived, we, too, could have had a home, but I was only twelve when he died, and that ended every-

thing for me. Father was a physician, and I suppose that is the reason I am fond of 'mending' people, too. When he died I was utterly desolate, and it seemed to me that I neither could live nor wished to live without him.

"Father's brother came to see me, but he was no more like father than day is like night. I went home with him, but it did not take me long to discover that it was anything but what the word 'home' meant to me.

"They had a big, beautiful house, but it might as well have been a barn, for all the comfort it afforded them. I was sent to school, and as long as all went well nothing was said. I graduated with honors, but not a single soul I knew was at the commencement exercises. I was the only girl who did not have some friend there. Uncle and aunt offered me a home, but I preferred to go elsewhere.

"When I announced my intention of entering the training-school it produced opposition at once. However, I carried out my resolve, and found the work all I had hoped. It was no child's play, for it was hard—very hard; but it helped me to forget myself and think of others, and just then that was my salvation.

"I have been at work for three years now, and have never been so happy since before my father died."

"Tell me, dear," Mrs. Temple asked,—"and do not think me curious for asking the question,—did your father leave nothing for your support? Were you entirely dependent upon your uncle?"

"No, not entirely. Father left a few thousand dollars, and uncle invested it for me; but the income was not sufficient to live on, and I would not stay there and do nothing. Father had a good practice, but he was too generous to save much. Well, I have enough, and am strong and healthy, so why need I worry?"

"No need, I'm sure; but try to forget the unpleasant things that have happened, and we will see if we can't bring to you a little of the home love for which you are so hungry."

"Do you know that yours is the first motherly kindness I've ever known? And you can never, never know how much it means to me!" said the young girl.

"Indeed, dear, you deserve far more; for Mabel has grown to love you dearly, as, indeed, we all have, and we will be very loath to have you leave us. Do you think it would be a great sacrifice to become governess for a time? Mabel is gaining, I think, but it will be a long while before the school duties can be resumed, and what could be more delightful?"

"How do you always think to say just the right thing, Mrs. Temple?"

"That is a serious question," said Mrs. Temple, laughing, "so while I think over an answer, you go out and breathe this delicious air and make the acquaintance of the farm-folk."

CHAPTER VI.

"MERRY MOLLY" AND "MERRY POLLY."

RUNNING downstairs with her quick, elastic step, Miss Wheeler found her way to the kitchen, where Ruth was just placing her nicely browned pies upon the shelf to cool, and little Polly was hanging up her snowy dish-towels.

"Pretty Polly Perkins, will you come and walk with me?" she sang merrily as she entered; and then, seeing Ruth, and fearing that her remark to Polly might seem slighting to Ruth, she said, "Oh, what delicious pies! I almost wish it were tea-time this minute, except for that last big doughnut I ate for dinner. Did you make those, too?"

"Yes 'm," answered Ruth. "Ma likes me to do the cakes and pies, she has such a lot of other things to tend to. I'm glad you think they are nice."

"Nice! That does n't begin to express it. They are simply wonderful. I never saw such artistic pies. Can't you put one on the table in the parlor? It will be as pretty as a bouquet."

"A pie in the parlor!" And Polly went off into a gale of laughter, while more sedate Ruth said: "Ma would think we were crazy." But nevertheless she was well pleased with the praise bestowed upon her.

"I want you to take me out and introduce me to all the farm-folk," said Miss Wheeler, gaily, when Polly had hung the last towel.

"Oh, I'd love to!" cried Polly, eagerly; and catching her little sunbonnet from its peg, she skipped toward the back kitchen door, Miss Wheeler lingering to ask, "Can't you come too, Ruth?" To which Ruth answered, with a pleased smile at being remembered, "I have got to help ma make up the butter rolls. We churned this morning, and she likes to have her butter nice and fresh."

"And I can have some of the butter for tea? Be sure to tell me which pat you made. Make a little R on it, and save that one for me."

And she ran out to catch Polly, who had walked toward the barns. Overtaking her, she took hold of the small hand and said:

"Now we will be very merry; for you are Mary, and I am Mary, so you are 'merry Polly' and I am 'merry Molly.'"

Polly looked puzzled and asked: "Are they both nicknames for Mary?"

"They surely are, and I'm very fond of them, too, so perhaps that is the reason we are fond of each other; at least, I'm fond of you, and you're going to be fond of me, are n't you?"

"I am already," answered Polly, quickly. "I don't see how I could help being, for you are so nice to me."

"We shall have capital times together, I know; and now, take me to your favorite spot."

"Do you really want to go there?" said Polly, eagerly. "How did you know I had one? I never told anybody, 'cause they'd laugh at me. But down in the woods is the sweetest place you ever saw, and I make believe it is where the Sleeping Beauty lives. I do wish I knew all the story. I found a book up garret ever so long ago, but part of it was lost, and I could n't tell how the story came out. I wish I knew," wistfully, "for it was lovely; but I'll tell you all I know, if you want me to, and maybe we can get a book some day."

"Yes; that will be lovely," said Miss Wheeler, her eyes beginning to twinkle at thought of the surprise she could give Polly.

Hand in hand, they crossed the meadow and began to ascend the gentle slope which brought them to the edge of the woods.

"Oh, how delicious this is!" cried Miss Wheeler, as she drew in long whiffs of the sweet woodsy smells and stooped down to gather a handful of anemones that waved at her feet.

"Is n't it pretty?" said Polly, delighted to find at last some one who could enjoy it with her. "Now I'll tell you the story, for we will soon be at the princess's palace"; and Polly began the old tale of the Sleeping Beauty.

While they talked they walked on into the woods, and presently came to a little babbling brook. Following up its stream, they came to a quiet pool where the brook seemed to have gone to sleep, and the water was as placid as a mirror. Through the openings in the branches the sky and leaves were reflected in the still surface, and once in a while a stray sunbeam glanced across.

Miss Wheeler at once fell to praising it, and Polly's heart danced with joy.

"I'm so glad you like it. Nobody knows it but me, for they are all too busy to come out here to see where my princess lives. Her palace is right over there in the woods."

"Please tell all you know of the story. I'm so interested," said Miss Wheeler, as they seated themselves on an old log; and Polly, taking up her story where it had been dropped, continued: "So he crept on and on through the palace, and all about him everybody was sound asleep—and that's all I know about it," added Polly, despondently.

"He entered on tiptoe, and glanced carefully all about him, and—"

"Oh, oh, oh! do you know the rest of the story?" broke in Polly, in an ecstasy, "and I never guessed you knew it a bit. Oh, Miss Wheeler, I am so glad!" And in her excitement Polly jumped up and threw her arms around kind Miss Wheeler's neck.

Polly listened breathlessly and when all was finished said: "Miss Wheeler, I've wanted to know the rest of that story so long that I just can't remember when I began to want to! And now I'm so happy that I could n't hold another mite if I tried ever so hard!"

"But that is only one story, and I've dozens tucked away in my head," said Miss Wheeler, as they rose to return to the house.

Mabel was wide awake and much refreshed from her "forty winks" when Polly and Miss Wheeler ran up to her room to tell her of the pretty woodland nook.

"But we must first take you out on the lawn and make you comfortable under one of the big elms," said Miss Wheeler, "and then Polly will bring Bonny and all the other pets to see you."

In a very few minutes Mabel's wheeled chair was placed under the big tree, and she was enjoying the pretty view and soft air. The lawn sloped gently to a little river which flowed through the meadows beyond, and the June sunshine sparkled and danced upon its tiny waves.

Old Nero, feeling that he should welcome the new guests, came up to Mabel's chair, and, after regarding her gravely for a few moments, laid his great soft head in her lap and looked at her with his big, beautiful eyes.

"Oh, you precious dog! I know you are trying to tell me you are glad I came, and I just love you dearly!" cried the delighted child.

Meantime Polly had run off for Bonny, and they made a pretty little picture as they came prancing across the lawn.

CHAPTER VII.

A VISITOR FROM ANOTHER CITY.

"I SAY, ma," said Bob, bursting into the pantry, where his mother was busy putting away the dishes, one morning, about a week later, "who do you think is over to the Col-linses'?"

"How should I know, do you s'pose?" asked Mrs. Perkins, briskly piling away saucers.

"Well, it's their cousin Jamie from down Boston. Don't you remember him—that feller that came out here last summer to hunt bugs and worms and such critters? Well, he's there again, and I want to ask him over here to stay all night. Can I?"

"Good land! ain't there enough folks here now, but you must go ask that moonin' boy, too? Like as not, he'll find a dozen or two crawlin' critters and take 'em into the house

with him. I never did see such a crazy Dick as he was over such rubbish!"

"No; I'll tell him he's got to keep 'em shut up tight. But can I ask him over? He won't bother."

"Yes, yes; go along and ask him."

Off started Bob, and was soon tearing down the road to the Collinses', where the much-desired city cousin was visiting. He found him examining a butterfly-net and holding forth upon the beauties of its intended victims.

He was a tall, slender lad with rather a serious face. From a tiny child he had loved all living creatures, and possessed a remarkable power over them, and as he grew older it became more marked. Seeing how much it all meant to him, and how great a source of happiness it was, his wise parents let him follow the bent of his inclinations.

Each summer his visits to his Endmeadow cousins were an endless source of delight to him, for there he could live in his bicycle-suit and scour the fields and meadows for his precious "bugs."

Bob arrived breathless, and fired off his invitation in characteristic style. "Hullo, Jim. Come on over and sleep at our house to-night; will you, old bug-hunter? Ma says if you'll keep yer critters shut up she won't mind."

"I shall have to catch them first," was the reply. "I have n't found one new specimen yet. But up the creek yesterday I saw a Camberwell Beauty, and I tell you he was a dandy."

"How do you find out all those names?" asked Tom, the cousin Jamie was visiting. "I don't believe I ever could remember half of 'em."

"Yes, you could, if you liked such things and read about them. I've got a lot of books about insects, and birds, too; I brought a few along, for I often get mixed."

"There, that net's all O. K.; now let's go and have a hunt."

The three boys started down to the little creek which wound its way in and out through the meadow.

Jumping into the old boat, they rowed upstream, with Jamie as pilot.

"Say," asked Bob, eager to have the question settled, "will you come along over to-

night? I've told Mabel about you, and she wants to hear more about your collection. Will you come?"

"Yes, I'll come, thank you; who's Mabel?"

"She's that lame girl from the city that's boardin' up at our house this summer. Only come last week, but we like her lots. Bring along your bugs and butterflies, if you get any, and show 'em to her; she'll like 'em."

By this time they had reached Jamie's happy hunting-grounds, and running the boat against the bank, the boys jumped out and scrambled up, Jamie carefully carrying his net.

"Let's lie down here in the clover," he said; "it's a fine place to watch for my beauty. He is a dainty fellow and likes to get his breakfast in the clover-blossoms."

Stretching themselves upon the clover, the two lads watched Jamie as he unrolled his net and settled himself to await his expected visitor.

"What do you do with them all, when you've got 'em?" asked Bob, squirming about in the grass, for he was too fidgety to keep quiet long, and, although glad to be with Jamie, found sitting still rather stupid.

"Why, I put them in my cabinet. Father gave me a beauty last birthday, and I've got a fine collection already."

"Hi! look yonder," interrupted Bob. "There's your butterfly."

Both boys started and looked in the direction in which Bob was pointing.

"It is, by George!" cried Jamie, "and isn't it a dandy! Come on, fellows, and we'll soon have him."

All three chased over the meadow helter-skelter, but how the other boys expected to capture the treasure without the aid of a net they never stopped to consider. Jamie the long-legged was soon in the lead, darting hither and thither after the coveted prize, which led him a lively chase. Just at that point the ground rose rather abruptly and formed a steep bank to the little creek flowing below. Bob, lost to everything but the butterfly, which was hovering just above the steep bank, with Jamie's net perilously close to it, came tearing up, and just as the net fell over the victim, Bob tripped over a brier, plunged

forward, and rolled heels over head down the bank, souse! into the shallow water below.

"What a chump!" blurted out Tom. "Now you 'll have to go back home and be hung up to dry!"

"Gee whillikins! did n't I go head first that time?" cried the muddy, dripping Bob.

"Come on out, you noodle," said Jamie, laughing. "What are you sitting in the middle of the creek for? And let's hurry back, for I want to fix up this fellow before he stiffens out. You can't do much with them unless you mount them soon after you catch them"; and he regarded his long-sought treasure with pride.

So they made their way to the boat, and were soon rowing back to Tom's home, where they parted company and sent Bob dripping homeward.

"Be sure you come over after dinner," was his parting admonition.

"Yes; I 'll be over about five o'clock. Tom and I are to take Aunt Sarah up to Springfield this afternoon, so I can't get over earlier."

CHAPTER VIII.

"A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND."

"MABEL," said Mrs. Temple, coming out upon the piazza, where Mabel lay in her hammock and Miss Wheeler sat reading beside her, with little Polly curled up at her feet, "papa writes that we may expect him sometime Saturday morning, instead of in the afternoon. Isn't that delightful?"

Mabel, in a dainty Scotch plaid gingham, with her beautiful hair falling over her gay pillows, made a pretty picture as she turned to her mother, for the week in the clear air had already begun to bring a faint color into the pale cheeks.

"Oh, how glad I am! It only needs him to make everything perfect."

"But, meanwhile, do you know I have a most beautiful plan in my head?"

"Oh, what, what?" cried the children, eagerly, for Mrs. Temple rarely let a day go by without some delightful thought.

"May I help in this plan?" asked Miss Wheeler, as she closed her book.

"Help!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple. "Why, we could n't possibly get along without your help, my dear!"—for since their confidential talk on the day they arrived Miss Wheeler had seemed more than ever one of them. Mrs. Temple had told Mabel Miss Wheeler's story, and her generous, unselfish nature had responded instantly.

"I've been having a little private talk with Mrs. Perkins," continued Mrs. Temple, "and she has given her consent."

"Not long ago a little bird told me that up in the woods there was a most enchanting spot; indeed, I believe I should say 'enchanted,' for until lately a sleeping princess dwelt there."

"This little bird also told me that the spot was never so enchanting as in the afternoon at about five o'clock, and that if I would come there then, and bring with me a dainty little supper, it would taste as it could not possibly taste if partaken under ordinary conditions. But we have first to win the consent of the guide to this enchanted spot."

"I'm the guide! I'm the guide!" cried Polly, jumping up. "And am I really to take you and Mabel and Miss Wheeler there, and are we to truly eat our supper in the woods?" Little Polly looked quite wild in her excitement.

"We truly are, my sweet P., and Bob has confided to me that a young friend is coming to stay over night with him, and they are to add to our party."

"But how am I to reach this enchanted spot?" asked Mabel.

"That is another nice part of my plan, but it is not to be told just yet. But now Polly and Miss Wheeler must go out to the kitchen and help Mrs. Perkins and Ruth pack our supper-basket."

Polly vanished, and Miss Wheeler ran after her.

In less time than one would have supposed it possible, Polly and Miss Wheeler returned to announce that all was prepared, and they only awaited the arrival of the chariot which was to convey them to the princess's domains.

"Very well," said Mrs. Temple, laughing; "I will blow a blast upon my fairy bugle and my chariot will appear." She stepped into the hall,

and came back with the tin dinner-horn, upon which she blew two long and two short toots. All broke into shouts of laughter, which only increased when Lady Grey appeared around the corner of the house, dragging behind her

Up came Josh saying, "Reckon I 'm the heftiest man round here, and I 'll lift you in quick as a wink"; and reaching his strong arms about her, and lifting as gently and skilfully as Miss Wheeler could have done, he carried her



MABEL IN HER "CHARIOT."

the big stone-boat, with Josh acting as charioteer.

A small, soft mattress was laid upon the boat and covered with a bright plaid shawl. Two or three sofa pillows added to its luxury, and there was a chariot fit for a princess. Lady Grey was evidently delighted with her reception, and seemed to consider it gotten up for her special honor.

"Now, what have you to say of my chariot?" asked Mrs. Temple, after Mabel had had time enough to examine it.

Mabel reached up her arms and drew her mother as close down to the hammock as she could squeeze. "There!" she exclaimed, "I think just *that* of it. And now, help me into my chariot, please, so we can set out."

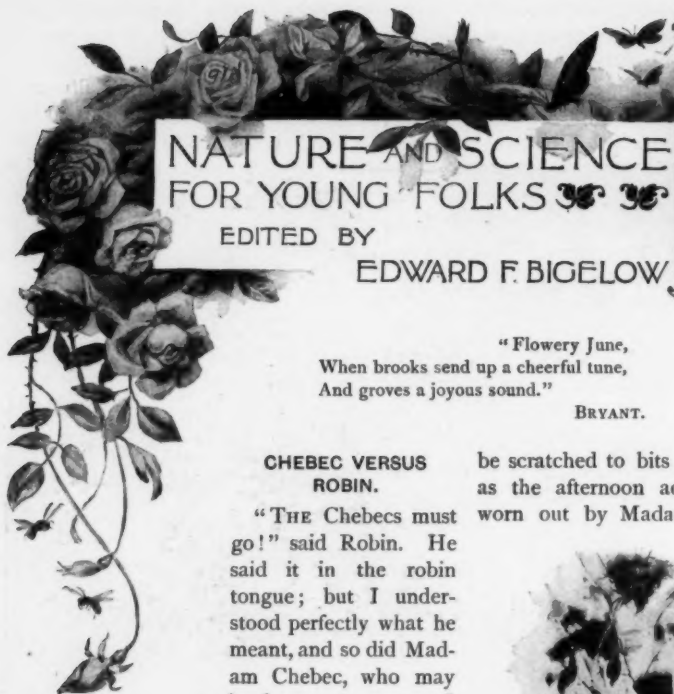
down to the chariot and placed her tenderly upon its cushions. Miss Wheeler settled the pillows comfortably, and Josh placed the reins in Mabel's hands.

"There you are, ma'am, as fine as a fiddle!" and catching up the basket of good things, he added, "I 'll lead the grey Lady, and she 'll lead the little one."

Off they started, Josh guiding Lady, carefully along the smooth grass out to the path which led over the meadows to the wood beyond. The old stone-boat slid smoothly along, Mabel scarcely feeling the slightest jar.

Miss Wheeler walked on one side, and Polly danced along on the other, while Mrs. Temple followed as body-guard behind, and carried a few extra shawls and a book to read.

(To be continued.)



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW



"Flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound."

BRYANT.

CHEBEC VERSUS ROBIN.

"THE Chebecs must go!" said Robin. He said it in the robin tongue; but I understood perfectly what he meant, and so did Madam Chebec, who may be known to some of

you as the Least Flycatcher. What did it matter to him that Madam Chebec had nearly finished her little gray cup in the crotch of the white birch? That big crotch suited his mate, Madam Robin, and few birds of spirit will tolerate another nest in the same tree with their own.

Madam Chebec adopted a policy of non-resistance. She could not well do anything else, being about half Robin's size. While Madam Robin was busy at her nest the little bird quietly slipped into hers. But this did not suit Robin, keeping guard on a near-by tree. With loud cries he flung himself upon her, and drove her away. Silently she flew after more dead grass for her nest, and came back. Robin could not believe his eyes. He shrieked and again came at her in a fury.

All day the quarrel went on. Madam Chebec always darted away when Robin launched himself at her like a catapult; but then, she as regularly came right back again. Robin raved, and, flying directly at the crotch, would come down hard on the nest, till I feared it would

be scratched to bits by his strong claws. But as the afternoon advanced he seemed quite worn out by Madam Chebec's quiet persis-



"THE ROBIN LAUNCHED HIMSELF AT THE CHEBEC
LIKE A CATAPULT."

tence, and actually let her go unmolested several times to her nest.

In the morning, however, he was as bad as ever, and gave her no peace of her life. For several days it went on in this way. Battle

raged hot and furious in the morning, gradually cooled off toward evening, only to begin again next day. But at last Robin, finding madam's obstinacy too much for him, wisely made up his mind that she was beneath his notice, and ignored her existence entirely, which suited her exactly.

But where, all this time, was Madam Chebec's mate? Before the Robins came, he was easily to be seen; for he had to be on hand to guard his territory. You see, he laid claim not only to the white birch, but to all that end of the orchard in which it grew; and he tried his little best to keep every one else out of it—dashing at them furiously, crying, "Quit, quit, quittle!" and sometimes clenching with the intruder in the air. Where was he now? Surely this was a good time for him to come forward and protect his mate. Did he come?

Well, no; I must confess that he did n't. And you could n't blame him much. Poor little fellow! What could he do against the big Robin? So he stayed discreetly out of sight, leaving his mate to circumvent the red-breast, which we know she did successfully.

Whether these two pugnacious birds would have gone on and raised their families in peace will never be known; for when, wishing to study the nesting of the Chebec, I moved from a distant point of observation to one within ten feet of the tree, Madam Robin found it impossible to endure human society, and deserted her nest. The Chebec, however, wisely stayed, and raised her family undisturbed.

MARY MANN MILLER.

THE MUSKRAT'S "BANANA."

If you know where there is a colony of muskrats,—and if you don't know you can easily find out; any farmer or hunter will show you their village of grass houses by the river,—you can have no end of enjoyment by going there at twilight and calling them out. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointed nose in sight, making a great letter V in the water, it turns instantly toward you. And if the place is all still, you have only to hide and squeak a few times, when two or three muskrats will come out to see what the

matter is, or what young muskrat has got into trouble.

If you go often and watch, you may see a good many curious things: see "Musquash" (that's his Indian name) digging a canal, or building his house, or cutting wood, or catching a trout, or cracking a fresh-water clam, or rolling a duck's egg along on the water's edge, so as not to break it, to his little ones in the den far below. And if you like bananas, you



THE MUSKRAT EATING THE SOFT, WHITE PART OF A RUSH.

may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat his banana in his own way. This is how he does it.

First, he goes to the rushes, and, diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to save the soft, white part that grows under water. Then he tows it to his favorite eating-place. This is sometimes the top of a bog, sometimes a flat rock on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but, wherever it is, he likes to eat in that one place, and always goes there when he is not too far away, or too hungry to wait.

Crawling out to his table, he cuts off a piece of the stump of his rush, and sits up straight, holding it in his fore paws. Then he peels it carefully, pulling off strip after strip of the outer husks with his teeth, till only the soft, white, luscious pith remains. This he devours greedily, holding it in his paws and biting the end off,

and biting it off again, until there is n't any end left — exactly as a school-boy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he treats in the same way.

And if you are a boy watching him, your mouth begins to "water," and you go and cut a rush for yourself, and eat it as Musquash did. If you are hungry it is not very bad.

WILLIAM J. LONG.

THE PINE-TREE AND ITS SEEDS.



AN AGED WHITE PINE.

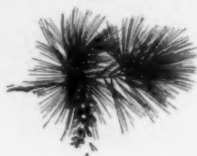
FIFTY little seeds of the pine-tree were tucked away in the cone, like babies in a cradle. The cradle rocked in the wind, and the babies fell out. In many odd places the seeds fell, for the wind car-

ried them. One was driven beneath a stone, and there it died. Six of them were blown into the river, and were carried away and away. One was caught in the rough bark of an old elm-tree, and could not get loose. Eight of

them were carried off by John the gardener, when he came to the woods after leaf-mold for his garden. Ten of them were blown down the hill and into the town, and there they were gathered up by the street-sweeper and burned.

Twenty-four were left; and each would make a tree as big as the one from which they all fell. In the black mold on the edge of the forest they sprouted and grew, in the soft, warm

days of spring. On the Fourth of July their slender green arms stood above the leaf-carpet



PINE-SEEDS FALLING FROM THE CONE.

stood in its way; and seven more of the little pine-trees perished.

Eight little pine-trees struggled on into the winter; but when the heavy snows melted in the spring, only five little pine-trees were to be found. The Fourth of July came again, and two little

pine-trees had been smothered under the great roisterous leaves of the maple sapling. Then the farmer mowed the weeds along the edge of



BEGINNING TO GROW AMONG THE LEAVES.



JOHN THE GARDENER GETTING LEAF-MOLD.

of the woods — twenty-four little pine-trees. But that night old "Puss," the farmer's cow, jumped the fence of her hot pasture and lay in the cool woods; and nine little pine-trees were crushed by her great hoofs. Then came the fire — crackling and snapping down the slope, licking up every little living thing that

the forest, and there were only two little pine-trees. The sly old woodchuck—he who ate the farmer's melons at night—dug a hole on



"PUSS," THE FARMER'S COW.

the edge of the forest, and another little pine-tree perished.

It was in the warm and mellow Indian summer that I strolled along the edge of the forest. There I saw the one lone little pine-tree, and I saw that a great blackberry-bush would choke



THE PINE-TREE BY A COUNTRY HOUSE.

it. In pity, I dug it up—carefully, tenderly; and now the one little pine-tree grows near a house, and it and I are happy. L. H. BAILEY.

NOT ONE LITTLE SPRUCE-TREE.

THERE'S a little grove of beautiful ever-green trees on a lawn near by. The lower limbs have been trimmed off up to a distance of about fifteen feet. From that up to a sharp point at the top, every graceful branch bears a number of cones. Many of these very ornamental Norway spruce-trees are to be found near your home, and no doubt you are familiar with them.

Usually the little seeds from these cones are even more unfortunate than those of the white pine that Professor Bailey tells us about on this page.

Except in very rare cases, not one of the hundred seeds develops into a tree. They do not easily get a foothold in



CONES ON A BRANCH OF NORWAY SPRUCE.

the sod, or else the ground has not been tilled and cared for to meet their needs.

HOW THE SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN.

ONE beautiful afternoon in May, my little five-year-old daughter came running into the house to me, exclaiming: "Oh, papa, one of your big snakes is blind; his eyes are all white, and he can't see where he is going." Catching her up in my arms, I answered: "Is that a fact? My, my! we must go at once and see what the trouble is." When we reached the "snake-box" in my "den," where I kept my pets, I saw, sure enough, that one of my big pine-snakes, about six feet in length, looked as if it were "stone-blind." But it was not really blind; it was simply ready to "shed" its old, loose skin.

Now, as a snake grows larger its skin becomes too tight for comfort, and then the snake has the power to "cast," or shed, its old skin. A snake's eyes have no lids, but are protected by thin, nearly transparent skin, like the crystal of a watch. When the snake is ready to cast

its old skin, then the skin over its eyes becomes loose, and thus gives to the eyes a dull, whitish appearance, as if the snake were truly blind.



ASSISTING THE SNAKE TO SHED ITS OLD, DRY SKIN.

Taking the big snake out of the box, carefully, so as not to irritate it, I told the children to be very quiet and watch me help the snake shed its old, dry skin. Placing it on the floor of the den very gently, I carefully loosened the old skin about the snake's jaws, then gently pulled it back over the head to the neck; and after thus starting the operation, I held this loosened portion firmly while the snake slowly crawled out of the thin, dry skin, turning it inside out during the operation, and in a few minutes left in my hands a perfect shed skin, or "slough," as it is called. After this experience the snake was as bright and glistening as a piece of china.

Now, these snake-skins, or sloughs, are of a dirty whitish color, without marks or spots, even when the snake is beautifully marked. When cast they are soft and pliable, but they soon become, especially big ones, dry and brittle.

Young, growing snakes frequently shed their skins, but full-grown ones seldom cast their sloughs more than twice a year. The reason why the boys who ramble in the woods and fields seldom find complete cast snake-skins is because, when the snake is ready to shed its skin, it pushes its way through grass and low

bushes, and thus rubs its old skin off its body, generally tearing it in the act.

SNAKES AS PETS.

It is well that scientific men keep snakes in confinement for purposes of investigation, for their true life-habits present interesting phases for the thoughtful student. It is well for young folks and grown-up people to know something of these facts in the life-history of snakes. But it is not advisable for any one to keep them as pets, for they are lacking in those ennobling characteristics that many of nature's creatures have, the study of which helps to develop and strengthen our best natures. Their feeding habits are very cruel, and there is absolutely no evidence of appreciation of care and kindness, such as is plainly shown by many of our familiar pets. It is not advisable for boys to pick up snakes

in the field, as they often do, for not all are harmless, and with a swiftly gliding snake it is easy to make a mistake. F. ALEX. LUCAS.



THE SNAKE AND ITS CAST SKIN.



*"We will write
to ST. NICHOLAS
about it"*

THE BEAUTY OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

PENN YAN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a great interest in insects. This year I collected sixty specimens. I did not think they could be so beautiful. The moths are the handsomest, but the butterflies are very pretty. Some kinds of moths can be seen in the twilight hovering over the flowers. The butterflies do the same in the daytime. A fine collection of moths may be obtained with a net under a strong electric lamp.

Yours truly,

GEROME OGDEN.

You will find that all nature is beautiful and interesting. Which butterfly do you like best, and why? What is the most interesting fact that you have learned about butterflies?

TO TELL AND TO ASK.

WHETHER you have learned some new and interesting fact, or want to know about something, write to St. NICHOLAS about it. I am pleased to learn that my sharp-eyed friends are also writing to one another. A correspondent who sent an interesting observation received several letters from others interested in the same things. The address is published with each letter; and that reminds me to say, always give your full address. Some of my letters have been returned, evidently because the full address had not been sent me, and several letters are unanswered because no post-office or State was given.

Don't forget to send stamped, self-addressed envelope (giving full address) if reply is desired by mail.

The voting for favorite animals, as suggested in the March number, closed on April 25, and the names of prize-winners will be published in the July number.

Six prizes, amounting in value to nineteen dollars, were offered in the April number for the best letters and drawings sent during spring and summer. Please re-read that offer now, if you overlooked or have forgotten the conditions. It would be well to make your observations and drawings as early in the season as possible.

EARLY SPRING OBSERVATIONS.

WATERSIDE SCHOOL, STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been trying to keep my eyes open, and went to the fields on a little exploring expedition in the early part of March. I found that the strawberry, buttercup, and daisy plants were up out of the ground, and had quite a number of fresh green leaves already. They were partly covered over with a layer of damp, dead leaves. There were several ferns growing by the stone wall. I noticed some other green plants. The tender green shoots of grass were peeping up from under the dead leaves and grass.

In the school-room I sit by the window, where I can have a good view of the fields and water. There is a robin's nest in the tree in front of the window, but its occupants have not yet arrived from the South. Every day this winter I have fed a flock of sparrows. They are quite tame and friendly. One little fellow, who is quite bold, is very greedy. He will put his head on one side, look at me with his bright black eyes, give a little chirp, and, grabbing the largest piece of bread there is, fly away to enjoy his feast. The trees look very beautiful when the sun shines on them after a rain-storm. Every drop of water sparkles like the most brilliant diamond.

HAZEL K. COLE.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES WITH A PET OWL.

PORT PERRY, ONTARIO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day last summer a poor, sick great horned owl came into our possession, and under good care it developed into a fine specimen. He could turn his head around till his beak rested over his backbone; and if watching any one, and he wanted his head to turn more, he would turn it like a flash, and the great yellow-and-black eyes would still be watching you

with a gaze which seemed to go right through you. It seemed as if there was some basis of fact in the comical story of the Irishman who stated that he saw an owl in a tree, and "killed it by walking around the tree till the owl twisted its head off."

Our owl was very tidy, always putting his meat in one corner, and his bread and corn in the other.

One day we observed his way of getting at the water under about a half-inch of ice. Standing on the edge of the pan, he struck blow after blow with his beak till it was broken.

PERCY WHITLOCK.

PINE-GROSBEAK AND AMERICAN CROSSBILL.

The pupils of a school in West Warren, Massachusetts, had a very pleasant visit from a pine-grosbeak early in March. The experience is told in the following extracts from letters from Dora Delage, James Kennedy, and Willie Pratt:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When Charlie Reim and his brother were coming to school they saw a bird eating under a tree. They walked slowly down and caught it by putting their caps over it. Then they brought it to their teacher, Miss Kelly, at our school. She got a



PINE-GROSBEAKS GETTING THE SEEDS FROM THE CONES.

cage for him, but that one was too small, so Richard Moody and Ernest Sharpe were sent for a cage which was very much larger. Miss Kelly put a cone and sprays of pine in the cage, and we kept the bird for a day and a half, watching him all the time he was there.

He would get off his stick and go down and eat some cracker, then go up again. When Paul went to see him he hid his head under a pine-branch. That is like an ostrich. When he ate a cracker he left marks like the teeth of a saw. After eating he would jump up and wipe his bill on the wires, then hop around the cage and eat some more crackers. He also picked the seeds out of the cones of the pine and Norway spruce.

When the fourth grade was reading he sat on his stick and did not stir till they finished. He did not try to get out of the cage, but sat still when he was not eating. He would peck Miss Kelly's finger. She let him go. He stopped on a little maple-tree in the school-yard, and shook his feathers, wiped his bill, stayed there a few minutes, and then flew toward the woods.



AMERICAN CROSSBILL.

Joseph Lawrence, of the same school, sends an interesting account of the red crossbill that his father caught on the lawn. He writes a letter from which we quote this extract:

He must have got into a combat, for his tail was gone. He was very tame. We let him go and he came back. They like cold weather and the cones of the Norway spruce. I wonder why his bill is crossed? Does it help him to get at the seeds? When they are eating the seeds out of the cones on the tree they cling to the cone and eat. Sometimes they hang head down. I saw him hang on the wires of the cage and do that.

It is probable that the curious crossed bill is well adapted to extracting the seeds from the cone, by a twist of the bill, forcing out the scale at the base of which is the seed, probably easier than the grosbeak's heavier bill, which may be better adapted to breaking the seeds. Both are very gentle birds, probably because, coming from the northern wildernesses, they know so little of people as to have no fear of them.

BIRD-HOUSE OF SHINGLES AND A WASH-BOARD.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made a bird-house which is rather queer considering the materials used. One night after school I thought how to make it. I got four shingles and cut off the thickest ends and put them to-

gether to form a roof. So you see I was like the man who began at the top of his house and built down.



THE ROOF.

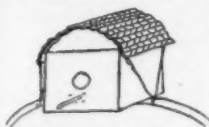
After that I was wondering where I would get the rest of the material, when I went out into the shed for a pitcher of water. There I saw an old wash-board, that I took and tore to pieces, and made the ends and bottom of my house. I put it on a post near the house, but afterward took it down to make an alteration in the back, and put it up at the corner of the barn.

Later I made another which seemed to me better. I had a box which was right size; I took the zinc that was on the wash-board and bent it in a curve over the box; then I cut two pieces from a board for the ends and glued it together tightly. I put my house on the grape-vine arch at the end of the garden, fastening it there by wires, as I have shown. OTIS W. FITCH.



THE BIRD-HOUSE.

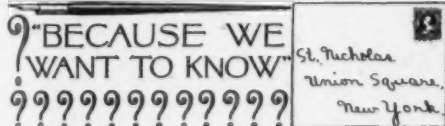
Accompanying this were several other very interesting letters. Ralph F. Phillips describes a wren-house made from a chalk-box, and a larger bluebird-house



CURVED ZINC ON BOX.

from a larger and heavier box, with roof made of two boards nailed together at the edge.

Several letters from other boys tell about the humming-bird. It appears that Lockport birds are well appreciated and cared for. The suggestions for bird-houses are well worth carrying out by others.



ESCAPE BY DODGING, RATHER THAN BY FLIGHT.

WESTCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that the woodpeckers and the birds that make their living by searching the tree-trunks for bugs, when frightened, do not fly, but only hop down the trunk until out of sight. I would like to know why this is, as they can fly very well.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

Such birds evidently prefer protection from enemies by dodging out of sight in moving up, down, or around the trunk or branches of the tree, rather than by long flight, except as a final resort. Perhaps you, in a similar manner, have

tried to escape from a pursuing playmate in a game by skilful dodging or hiding near by rather than by a long race.

GARTER-SNAKE OF UNUSUAL LENGTH.

COLUMBUS AVENUE, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what kind of a snake it was that I saw? It was about three feet long, and colored like an ordinary garter-snake, but I never heard of or saw one so long as that. I saw it at York Harbor, Maine, crawling under a shed at the back of a house. Are there any poisonous snakes in that part of the country except the copperheads and the rattlers?

MARSTON HAMLIN.

This question does not give many details of description, but the main point is the length of the snake, at which our young friend is rather surprised, as he had never seen so long a garter-snake. It was, without doubt, a full-grown garter-snake. They are sometimes caught fully three feet long and of good size, but such are rare nowadays. The species is friendly in its habits, and harmless, and yet boys who have not been better taught, in their ignorance and prejudice regarding snakes, kill the harmless garter-snakes before they attain their full growth.

A VERY TAME HUMMING-BIRD.

GREENWICH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The question "What bird never lights on trees?" reminded me of something I saw last summer. I have always heard that a humming-bird would never alight on a tree; but I found that this was not true, as I saw one do it. We have some honey-suckles in front of our



THE HUMMING-BIRD.

house, and every year there is a small humming-bird that builds its nest somewhere near them. He is very tame, and even comes up on the porch when people are sitting there talking. One day my father and I were sitting on the porch when he came there, and some little noise frightened him. I suppose he did not want to go straight to his nest, so he flew to a cherry-tree near by, and stayed on one of the small dead branches until he thought we were not looking at him, when he flew to his nest.

HAMILTON M. BRUSH.

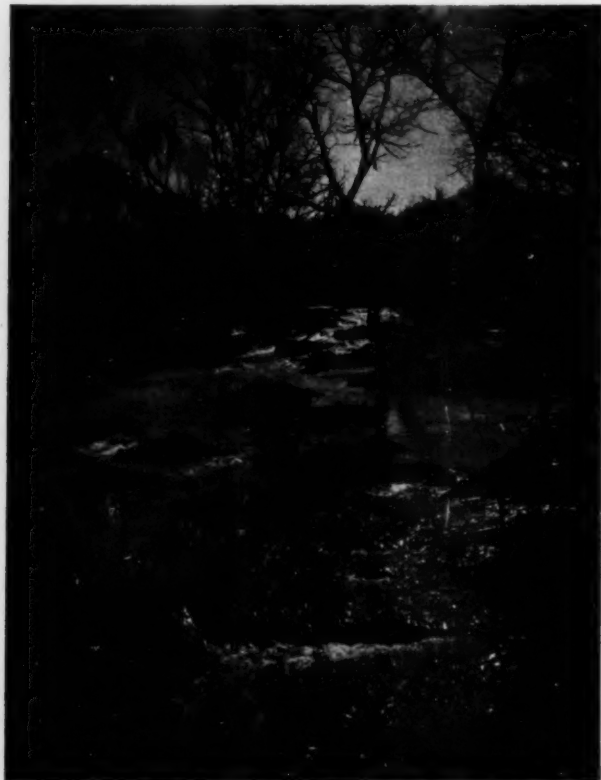
It is not unusual for humming-birds to alight on trees; but, according to the observations of many ornithologists, they always select a small dead branch in the vicinity of their nests.



Night with unstinted largess flings her jewels on the lawn;
The new-returning swallow wings a furrow through the dawn.

ALL the best things that poets could think and write have been thought and written about June. And yet June is so rare and sweet and beautiful that poets shall never cease to sing her praises. It is the time when old and young alike would gather into their arms the bloom and joy of nature, and hold it so close and so lovingly that drought might never wither nor frosts again decay. Where the sun filters through the pines, face down on the fragrant needles, there one may breathe in the balm of living, and lie so close to the heart of eternity, that all the daily round of toil and study and forgiveness dwindle, fades, and is forgotten.

June is especially the children's month. It is the time when their long school term ends, and plans for the summer vacation are being completed. It is pleasant to know that in every part of the world this year, by the sea-shore, among the mountains, in the woods, and on the prairies, the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* may recognize each other and, perhaps, form pleasant acquaintances through the badge of the St. Nicholas League. Here and there a gold or a silver button will ap-



"MARCH DAYS." BY CARRIE EUGENIA DICKENSON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

pear, and the wearers of these will be recognized as those who have striven with that faithful perseverance which means reward.

There are still a few contributors, a very few, who write on both sides of the paper. There are others who forget their address, age, or parent's indorsement. Some write poems or prose of any length, regardless of the rules. The rules are very few and very necessary, and it seems too bad that work otherwise good should not compete because of something easily avoided. To any one who has lost the instruction leaflet, or even their League badge, we will send others on application.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 6.

THE number of contributions received this time was almost one hundred per cent. greater than in any preceding competition, and the standard of quality is well maintained. In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. "The Nineteenth Century's Last Springtime."

Gold badges, Marion C. Woodworth (age 13), 15 Buena Vista Park, North Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Clara S. Cutler (age 10), 470½ East 177th Street, New York City.

Silver badges, Ruth S. Loughton (age 16), 6 Kirkland Road, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Maria Letitia



"MARCH DAYS." BY J. HARRY STOTHOFF, AGE 15.

Stockett (age 15), 2021 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

PROSE. Title to contain the word "wheel" or "wheels."

Gold badges, Katie Bogle (age 12), Danville, Kentucky; and Gladys Hilliard (age 9), Brighton, Illinois. Silver badges, Louise Saunders (age 12), 112 Rockview Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey; and Elmer F. Andrews (age 9), Upper Montclair, New Jersey.

DRAWING. "First Signs of Spring."

Gold badges, Edward C. Day (age 15), San Anselmo, California; Dorothy Lyman Warren (age 12), care of Henry P. Warren, Albany, New York; and Marjorie Lewis Keasbey (age 10), Berkley Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.

Silver badges, Fred Hopp (age 16), 1006 North Albany Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; and Mildred Wheat (age 13), The Pennhurst, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

PHOTOGRAPH. "March Days."

Gold badge, Carrie Eugenia Dickenson (age 13), Castlewood, Virginia.

Silver badges, Laura Willard Platt (age 14), Great Barrington, Massachusetts; and Bernice A. Chapman (age 8), 1220 Wilcox Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

PUZZLE. Answer to contain something likely to bring happiness in June.

Gold badge, Charles Jarvis Harrison (age 15), Windsor, Connecticut.

Silver badge, Marie H. Whitman (age 14), 10 Center Street, Keene, New Hampshire.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete to March puzzles.

Gold badges, Mary Ruth Hutchinson (age 12), 412 Gunnison Street, Burlington, Iowa; and Eleanor Cowen (age 10), 775 Holby Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Silver badges, Charles G. Durfee (age 14), 1517 Perry Street, Davenport, Iowa; and Sumner Ford (age 12), 40 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

SPECIAL WILD ANIMAL AND BIRD



"MARCH DAYS." BY CAROLUS T. CLARK, AGE 13.
(WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN JANUARY.)



BY LAURA WILLARD PLATT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

PHOTOGRAPH. 1. Five dollars and gold badge. "Owl," by Victor N. Camp (age 17), Westfield, New Jersey. 2. Three dollars and gold badge. "Traveling Turtle," by Edna M. Duane (age 12), Daggett, California. 3. Gold badge. "Robin," by Margaret Faudentia Wotkyns (age 10), 815 Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena, California.

MERCURY ON A WHEEL.

BY KATIE BOGLE (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

It was one bright spring day while the gods were sipping their after-dinner nectar that Ganymede stepped up to Eros and handed him the "Olympus Herald." Eros opened the sheet at the "Locals," and glanced over them, occasionally reading aloud such items as these: "Pegasus has the pink-eye, and Bellerophon will be forced to turn him out to pasture for a while"; or "Vulcan has burned himself so badly, while making arrows for Diana, that he will be obliged to suspend work for some time." Suddenly Eros burst into a laugh, and exclaimed: "Psyche, what do you think? Old Merck has taken to a wheel!"

"To whom do you refer?" asked Psyche, chillingly; for she had just had a quarrel with her spouse, and did not propose to "make up" so soon.

"Why, to Mercury, of course," replied the other. "Just listen to this!" And he read aloud: "'Mercury has just procured a bicycle, and will practise on the north side of Mount Olympus this afternoon. He expects to be able to ride at once, without any trouble, and hopes the wheel will be of very great service to him in performing his duty.' What a lark! Let's all go and see him."

Every one assented, and the party soon set out. They were slightly ahead of Mercury, who soon appeared, however, and with great dignity brought out the machine, and mounted amid breathless silence.

At first all to be made of the pile was a jumble of limbs and wheels; but it gradually resolved itself into something definite. The second and third trials had no better results, and on the fourth, when the bicycle *did* run a short distance, one of the wings on Mercury's heels caught in the chain, and several feathers were torn therefrom. We will not attempt to describe the unfortunate god's mishaps; but when, after repeated failures, Mercury's winged hat fell off and was run over and bent out of shape, its owner's patience gave out, and, with one push of his hand, he sent the machine spinning merrily adown the road to Hades, where it struck Cerberus a hard blow in the side, making him howl with all his three heads for very agony; and then, rolling on past, it became the shade of a bicycle, having done all the mischief in the world that could be expected of an ordinary wheel.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY MARION C. WOODWORTH (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

Oh, shine away, dear springtime!
Bring smiles instead of tears,
For thou must finish gladly
The springs of fivescore years.

The birds must sing their sweetest;
Oh, softly falling rain,
Awake the golden jonquils
And daffodils again!

And when thy time is over,
And summer months are nigh,
And buds break into blossoms,
Sweet springtime, then good-by.



BY BERNICE A. CHAPMAN, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRING.

BY CLARA S. CUTLER (AGE 10).

(Gold Badge.)

WHAT is the song that the robins are singing,
Over the fields where the flow'rs are upspringing?
What is the chorus that rings through the air
Out in the orchard and everywhere?
This is the song that the robins all sing:
"This is the century's last fair spring!"

What is the tale that the flowers are telling
While in the sunshine the leaf-buds are swelling?
What do the snowdrop and violet say,
Lifting their heads on a bright April day?
List to the message of joy that they bring:
"This is the century's last fair spring!"

THE WITCH'S WHEEL.

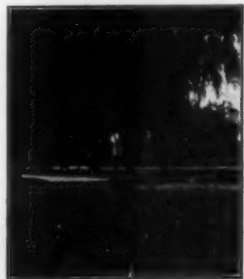
BY GLADYS HILLIARD (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge.)

ONCE upon a time there was a queer old witch-woman, who was the grandmother of a little boy three years old, and she loved him very much.

They lived very happy together, and nobody knew that she was a witch.

He was a playful little fellow, named Roland, and his favorite amusement was to play ride horseback on his grandmother's broomstick, and he pranced around so cunning that she could not help admire him.



"ROBIN." BY MARGARET F. WOTKINS, AGE 10. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

After Roland had grown up, and had gone away to college, this old lady became very lonesome. So one day she mounted her broomstick as she had seen Roland do when he was little, and away she flew up into the sky, riding among the stars in a joyous way, just as if she was doing it for the fun of it.

After a while she looked down and saw her big grandson riding a wheel, and many

other boys, big boys, little boys, and even little girls, riding with him.

It was very wonderful to the old-fashioned little woman, and she immediately became much dissatisfied with her broomstick; but it was a good old friend, and she did not throw it away.

She went and bought her a wheel, too, and now, if you would like to see her, look up in the sky any night when the moon is new, and if your eyesight is good enough, you can see her riding her wheel, and sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky as she goes along.

THE LAST SPRING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MARIA LETITIA STOCKETT (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

"Now," quoth old Nineteenth Century,

"My time is nearly past;

I've worked and toiled these hundred years,

But soon I'll rest at last.



"OWL." BY VICTOR N. CAMP, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

"The last, last spring has come again—
The last I'll ever see;
The violets lift up their heads,
The buds burst on the tree.

"The little brooklet which, for months,
In icy grasp did lay,
Now breaks its bonds and hurries on
Like school-boys fresh for play.

"The pink arbutus now is found,
The dear, sweet, bonny thing;
And chanticleer aloud doth crow,
So glad is he 't is spring.

"What a queer world! how different
Than when I came on earth!
Then trolley-cars and auto-bobs
Had ne'er been given birth.

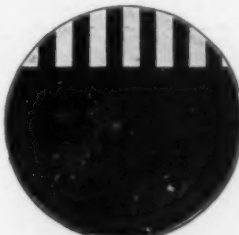
"But though old Time has changed the world,
And altered many a thing,
The face of nature is the same,
For God doth rule the spring."

AN ELEPHANT AND A WHEEL.

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

It was the morning after the event of the season in the village of Wolfstown, for the circus had come to town the night before, and "Pete," the biggest of the elephants, had broken loose in the night, and nobody knew it.



"TURTLE." BY EDNA M. DUANE, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

That morning a telegram came from New York saying that one of the elephants had escaped, and fifty dollars reward was offered to anybody who could find him. In the old farm-house Rita Morton and her mother were talking about it.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY EDWARD C. DAY, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

"I've finished my work, mother," she said, and, throwing off her apron, she jumped on her wheel and started for a long spin. Her favorite place was a hill far away from the town, and few people ever went there. She spun along, munching the peanuts with which her pockets were stuffed. When Rita came to the hill, she put her feet on the coasters and whizzed through the air, her hair flying in the wind. When she was half-way down, she saw a large dark object lying in the road, which she knew was the elephant. She knew, also, that she could not stop her wheel. Down, down she went, and bang! she bumped into him. He rose up with a snort, and Rita scrambled into the bushes; but she thought the elephant must be very hungry, so she walked out, and, trembling with fear, held out a peanut. The elephant came toward it eagerly; then Rita walked up the hill, the elephant following her; then she gave him the peanut. Then, taking out another peanut, she did the same, and so on until she came to the railway-station, where the circus manager had just arrived.

You can imagine his surprise when he saw the big elephant meekly following Rita, who did not come up to his knees.

The manager chained Pete, who, I think, was very glad to get back to his master.

Rita got a new wheel with her fifty dollars, and she always says that Pete gave it to her.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY MARJORIE LEWIS KEASBEY, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY RUTH S. LAIGHTON (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

PEACE! only the wild birds of the air
May toll thy knell;
Hush! the bending trees have cast thee forth.
Dear spring, farewell!

Look! the sun's full beauty o'er heaven throws
A richer hue.

Hark! all nature sings — they miss thee not;
I sing adieu.

Rest, ye weary throats and hearts of song!
Wilt give no sigh?

"No! Yield up the old and love the new!"
Dear spring, good-by!

WHEELS.

BY ELMER F. ANDREWS (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

My first wheel was on a baby-carriage. I cannot remember being in it.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY DOROTHY LYMAN WARREN, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

The second was on a play-engine; and I would sit on the floor and play with it for hours.

Then came a baby-tender, mama says, and I could push myself around in that.

I had a white billy-goat and a goat-cart, and what fun we had — my friends and I!

The next was an express-wagon, and I used to draw dirt around, and coast, having a very good time.

Next came a fine buckboard, to coast with and have jolly times. What a beauty it was!

I had a velocipede to ride when I was three years old. My bicycle, that was the best of all. I rode for miles, and such a good time!

Other wheels are entirely different from the rest. They are small and made of steel. What do you think they are? My watch-wheels.

The last is my new fire-patrol, with four heavy wheels.

A DAY ON MY WHEEL.

BY EIRIAN F. CHITTENDEN (AGE 15).

It was a most brilliant morning in early spring when my father and I started on a twelve-mile ride to



BY HERMAN LIVINGSTON, JR., AGE 16.

Stirling. The air was soft and fresh, almost would have been too warm, but it was tempered by a breeze which blew from the snow-clad Ochills. We rode past one mining village after another, and found them in full holiday attire—flags flying from every window, children shouting, people standing at their doors or looking out of their windows. On making inquiries, we found that Ladysmith had been relieved, and the Scotch folk were keeping holiday in honor of the event.

Arriving at Stirling, the home of Bruce and Wallace, and, in later days, of the happy Mary Queen of Scots and her son James, we found the old town doing honor to its absent sons in very gay fashion—flags everywhere, and great preparations for an illumination being made. We walked to the castle, inspected the celebrated churches where Mary was married and crowned, and on our way out of town walked over the bridge over the Forth immortalized in R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped," and then turned back home around the Wallace Monument. The singing of the birds, the soft lights on the hillside, the deep reflections in the waters of the pretty river, and the happiness of a twenty-four-mile ride with no punctures or any other mishap, added to the general air of rejoicing which pervaded everywhere, made this a most memorable ride.

SPRINGTIME.

ACROSS a wide and rolling lea
A soft south wind sweeps up to me;
From those far-distant, blue-dim woods
The scent of sap and bursting buds;
I catch a glimpse of sparkling brooks,
Of flowerets hid in woodland nooks,
Of flitting birds that blithely sing
The happy, happy songs of spring!

The tiny forest glades are set
With buttercup and violet;
The oak and beech upon the hill,
The willow by the water-mill,
The pine and poplar, tall and lone,
The mosses on each knoll and stone,
In starting green their tokens bring,
The signs that bode the burst of spring!

From sturdy North to languid South,
From lands of mist to lands of drouth,

From end to end of this wide earth,
All life is love and hope and mirth;
And everywhere from peak to shore,
Where waters sleep and waters roar,
In mighty swelling chorus ring
The happy, happy songs of spring!

ETHELBERT WALDRON (AGE 17).*

* Winner of gold badge for poem in April St. NICHOLAS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 9).

LIKE a mighty oak the century stands,
Awaiting the touch of spring's gentle hands.
Once more she will be all dressed in green,
Once more of this century spring will be queen.

But old Father Time, with
sickle and glass,
Stands waiting and watching
for seasons to pass,
And though Nineteen Hun-
dred is faithful and true,
She must fall, like the oak, to
make room for the new.

Then let this last springtime
be happy and gay,
Till Time cuts her down in
the fair month of May;
And after December, snowy
and drear,
We will hail the new century
with the new year.

A WOODLAND RIDE.

BY MARJORIE TULLOCH
(AGE 12).

ONE spring morning I
started off on my wheel to
get some wild flowers that I
had seen on a former ride.

I got the flowers, and was
busily looking them up in
my "How to Tell Wild Flow-
ers," when I heard a great
deal of angry chattering
above my head.

The old tree under which
I was sitting was a great
black oak. About thirty feet

from the ground there was a great hole in the trunk,
made by a colony of squirrels.

The little animals seemed very much excited, and were
running about in every direction, chattering angrily.

I watched closely, and finally saw that a swarm of



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALICE BEAMAN, AGE 11.

bees, who were looking for a place to build a hive, had attacked the squirrels' home and were driving them away. I was very much interested, but I felt very sorry for the squirrels, for I thought it a very unfair fight.

After the squirrels were nearly all driven away from the tree, and were scampering away in every direction, closely followed by their furious little enemies, I tried to fix my mind on my flowers and book, but all the interest was gone.

I got on my wheel and rode slowly home, thinking very hard over what I had seen that morning. I went in the house and told mama all about what I had seen, and she told me that she knew those squirrels had been in that tree for a great many years.

Several years after, that same tree had to be cut down, and we got a lot of delicious honey out of it.



BY RACHEL RHOADES, AGE 10.

THE CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY HELEN J. RIPLEY (AGE 14).*

O PRETTY violet, listen, dear,
And raise your dainty purple head
From out its little mossy bed.
Pray tell why you 're so early here.
Dear little child, I 'll tell you why.
The Nineteenth Century, old and gray,
Is going soon, you know, away;
And I am here to say "good-by."

O sweet south wind, that in the trees
Is sighing softly, tell me now,
Why you are here to wave the bough
And bend the grass, O sweet south breeze.
To coax the flowers out come I,
To toss the pines and poplars tall;
For Nineteenth Century leaves us all
Next year, and this is my "good-by."

* Miss Ripley won a prize in Competition No. 1.

THE CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY RISA LOWIE (AGE 14).

As wintry bells
"Ring out the old, ring in the new,"
In shady dells,
'Neath skies of blue,



BY ESMONDE WHITMAN, AGE 10.

When violets spread a
sweet perfume,
When daffodils and
sweetbriars bloom,
The bluebells and the
harebells ring
To nineteenth century's
last sweet spring,
With gentle time,
And fairy chime,
With elfin bell,
A last farewell.

Sweet springtime's gen-
tle hours,
You, too, must glide
away

Like fortune's glitt'ring showers
That sparkle and decay.
Thou bounteous fay,
Sweet springtime, stay!

Spring softly smiled
And onward passed.

Sweet hours mild,
The century's last,
You go away with flow'r-bells blue
That softly sing, "Adieu, adieu."

HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

BY CECILY ISABEL SHEPPARD
(AGE 11).

WE set her on—well, let me see!—
We set our hen on—one—two—
three—

We set her on eleven good eggs!
And what do you think she did?
She brought off six! Each little thing
Had tiny, cunning, dark-pink legs;
Under their mother's breast they hid.
They were our signs of spring.

LETTERS.

URSULA SUTTON NELTHORPE sends a very interesting letter from France, which is too long to print in full, and would not be fairly represented in an extract. We are very glad indeed, however, to use these very interest-



ing little sketches she sends us, and we hope Miss Ursula will send us something for the competitions.

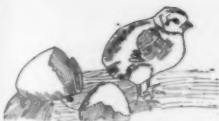
Mary J. O'Brien of Geneva, Ohio, writes interestingly of young chickens: "One day last summer I took the shovel to dig up some earth for them to scratch in; but I did not succeed very well, for as soon as I put the spade on the ground the chicks all jumped on the spade and crowded around so that I could see nothing but chickens."

Neba Rabasa of Mexico City wishes to know if we would like a picture of a day in March as it is in Mexico. It is too late for it this year, but we will always be glad to have photographs from her home. Miss Rabasa adds:

"An American lady taught me how to speak English, and I like it very much. When ST. NICHOLAS comes I sit down and read until I finish it all. I never read stories so interesting as yours."

Neba is fourteen, and is coming to see us when she visits New York. We hope she will not forget.

Lesta M. Eckfeld of Dennison, Ohio, tells of an interesting place near her home, where many Indian arrow-



BY CYNTHIA FOLK ROUNTHREE,
AGE 9.

heads are found, and of a spring from which Garfield, when a boy, carried water to the men digging the Ohio Canal. Lesta won a silver badge in March for a very pretty photograph. She promises now to send us a picture of the spring mentioned above. Her mama took ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl.

This is from Carl F. Groff, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, and explains itself. Of course we sent the badge, and will replace others when lost or damaged.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Oh, what do you think? I know you can't guess. I've lost the League badge, I'll have to confess! Now, is n't that smart? Just look at the mess I've made for myself through rank carelessness!

So do not delay, but send right to me
Another League badge. My name you will see
Upon a stamped envelope,
as it should be—
Oh, pshaw! I must stop, for
I'm called down to tea!

Gladys Greene of Dinard, France, sends an interesting account of a canary that lost its wing through being attacked by a bird of prey, and how, when later this canary hatched its young, one of them had but one wing like its mother. A curious fact, certainly. Miss Gladys promises to write us again.

Dorothy Weber lives at Ogden, Utah, and has taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since she can remember. "We live near the Salt Lake. This morning the gulls were flying, and we knew we would have a salt-storm. This evening it is splashed over everything."

Other entertaining and welcome letters have been received this time from Edna F. D., Muriel Williams, Helen E. Allers, Ida B. Jelleme, George Ernest Merritt, Annie C. Mitchell, May Wenzel, Anna A. Flichtner, Langhorne H. Wister, Martha Deinet, Louise Perry, Dorothy Eyre Robinson, May W. Babcock, Edward Shipley, Dorothy Morris, Carrie W. Kearns, Winifred Bosworth, Henry Emerson Tuttle, Nicholas Cuyler Bleeker, May Mitchell, Helen M. Waugh, Bessie T. Thomson, Camille d'Invilliers, Lola C. Jones, Walter W. Muffy, Francis Tuckerman Parker, Julia N. Collins, Annie Flanders, Steele Wotkyns, Helen M. Conant, Theodore A. Greene, Susie S. Hornblower, Maurice P. Dunlap, Eleanor Glass, Esther A. Underwood, Emily Whitcomb, Margaret Fisher, Leslie F. Snow, Virginia Weaver, Florence and Gladys, Susanne M. Henning, Janet L. McKim, Eugene White, Jr., and Esther Freeman.

NOTICE.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. There are no League dues.

VOL. XXVII.—95.

ST. NICHOLAS readers in foreign countries where United States stamps are not easily obtained need not stamp their return envelope in applying for League membership. The pleasure of extending the League in distant lands is more than an offset to the cost of postage required on the badges.

A few of our young photographers send negatives. We prefer the finished prints.

In answer to several inquiries we wish to say that the rules relating to one contribution per month means just one contribution and no more. *Not* one contribution of each kind.

GEMS FROM OUR YOUNG POETS.

WHEN we have such lovely weather,
All the children play together,

sings Rena Kellner, who is nine years old, and the youngest of our poets this month, though Laura O. Butler is only "nearly ten," and does well for her years:

With garlands tangled in her hair,
And jewels sparkling everywhere,
Comes gay and sweet and balmy spring,
Afloat upon her breezy wing.

Indeed, that is very pretty for "nearly ten" and those who are quite ten will find it hard to do better. The first of these is Grace Lewis, who says:

The robins fly from tree to tree,
To sing their songs to you and me.
Oh, how joyous we should be,
Swinging under the old cherry-tree,
And reading the April ST. NICHOLAS.

Then Grace adds: "Do you like it, ST. NICHOLAS? I hope you do. Our pretty old black cat has got five kittens; what would you name them?"

Amy Schwartz has something about autumn in her poem:

Oh, autumn's gaily colored leaves!
And when the grain is ripe,
The farmer cuts his binding sheaves,
And smokes his hardy pipe.

We don't know just what "binding sheaves" are. The farmer's "hardy pipe" is more familiar, and "hardy" is a very delicate and picturesque way of putting it.

Joseph Wells sends a nice little poem about his aunty:

Out of seven games of euchre
I beat my aunty four,
And then she said (with low-bowed head),
"I won't play any more."

Joseph should have allowed his aunty to win the odd game; but then, you see, he is only ten. Neill Compton Wilson tells us something about time:



BY MARY BYERS SMITH, AGE 14.

For time is next to nature's heart,
And nature needs time, too;
For time will never stop nor start—
'T is wondrous, but 't is true.

The poets of eleven we have always with us, and their "gems" are well worth reading. Alleine Langford writes dialect and has originality:

My Uncle Jonathan sez, sez he,
"As this is the last of the century,
If you are goin' to be good,
It 's time, youngster, that you should."

"Uncle Jonathan," I sez, sez I,
"I will be good until I die."
An' then I run out the open door,
An' I 'm jest as bad as I was before.

Dorothy Donald has fine thought in her closing lines:
Perhaps if we too could be infused
With sap to make us bud and blossom
In deeds all fresh and pure,
Casting off as dead and gone
The dead deeds already done,
Then we could be as fresh, serene,
As looks yon bush in all its tender green.

Elizabeth Chapman knows that to the good all things bring happiness:
The spring brings blossoms, flowers, joys,
To all good little girls and boys,
Who never cry and never scold,
And always do what they are told.

Anne Parrish wrote her poem in March, but she was thinking of June:
And though some days be blust'ry and cold,
And the hail on the roof doth drum,
There is always a promise in the air
Of the golden days to come.

Elinor Kreer, who had been discussing when the century ends, dreamed that Brownies came to answer her query. Of course, the Brownies answered according to ST. NICHOLAS and therefore correctly:

Whether ST. NICHOLAS a puzzle meant
When he this poem's subject sent—
"Should children write of last year's spring,
Or of this year's season sing?"
Cried I. Their chattering tongues flew fast:
"ST. NICHOLAS says *this* spring 's the last!"

We don't quite know what Margaret E. Brown's poem has to do with the century's last springtime, but it is a pretty good one on the moon:

"Mother moon, why do you weep?"
Questioned a little star.
She sighed a sigh in herself and said:
"From the earth I am so far."

Then spake old Zenith from far away:
"Do you regret your loss?
Well, then, I will give you good advice:
'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

Harry Minart Ladd is twelve years old, and we will let his first stanza introduce the poets of that age:
How full of raindrops is the sky!
We sit and watch them, you and I,
While through the gloaming hour of rest
They fall in many an empty nest.

Della H. Varrell writes tenderly of the passing century, and closes with:

As the birds pursue their labor,
As the flow'rs bloom every year,
Let us follow their example,
Working on without a tear.

While Madge Smith is happy in the present with hope of coming joys:
The woods are full of violets,
And May-flowers white and blue;
The crickets chirp a welcome,
And sing a song for you.
The last springtime of the century
Is a happy one to me.
I hope 't is the same to every one;
And I hope the next will be.

Frances Cutler tells how the Nineteenth Century asks of Father Time that this may be the happiest spring ever known. Father Time answers:

"If only the little children knew
What lots and lots of good they could do
By just being sunny, and good, and bright,
And always trying to do what 's right,
Oh, then to the world such joy they 'd bring,
And ever there 'd be a perpetual spring."

If thirteen is an unlucky age, the unluckiness must be in something we don't know about. For certainly the poets of thirteen have a number of pretty "gems" this time. There is something of Herrick in this by Olive Purser of Dublin:

This year the spring season
Has been for no clear reason
Of fickle mood.
For the heat from day to day
Varied in the strangest way
To no one's good.

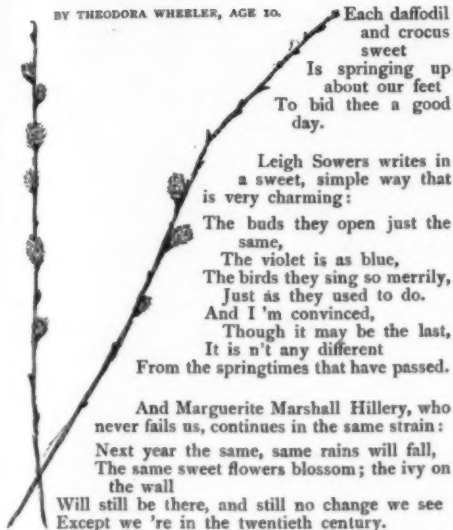
And Alice M. Coggins, too, has caught a bit of the old poet's spirit:

Once more the robins come to cheer
This happy season of the year,
While flowers bloom so gay.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY FRED HOPP, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY THEODORA WHEELER, AGE 10.



Each daffodil
and crocus
sweet
Is springing up
about our feet
To bid thee a good
day.

Leigh Sowers writes in
a sweet, simple way that
is very charming:

The buds they open just the
same,
The violet is as blue,
The birds they sing so merrily,
Just as they used to do.
And I'm convinced,
Though it may be the last,
It is n't any different
From the springtimes that have passed.

And Marguerite Marshall Hillery, who
never fails us, continues in the same strain:

Next year the same, same rains will fall,
The same sweet flowers blossom; the ivy on
the wall

Will still be there, and still no change we see
Except we're in the twentieth century.

And Constance Fuller very prettily adds:

For this world with its freshness and beauty
Can never grow old and drear;
The flowers fade in the autumn,
But they blossom again next year.

It requires some stretch of imagination to make "peewit" rhyme with "feel it," but no one will question the fact and sentiment of these lines by A. B. Skinner:

Soft and balmy is the air,
All the woodland seems to feel it;
Birds are nesting here and there,
Robin, grouse, and tiny peewit.

The poets of thirteen will be proud to count Frances Marion Simpson among their number. Her verses, in which the century speaks, we print almost in full:

"I nevermore shall hear in spring
The bluebird's welcome note,
The robin's cheery warble, poured
From out his little throat.

"No more I'll see the flowers awake,
Their rest of winter o'er,
And push their way up through the
earth
On mountain-side and shore.

"The trees for me will bud no more,
The grass no more turn green;
For me no brook will break its bands,
No wind become less keen.

"I know how hard 't will be to go,
But more than anything
'T is sad to look upon the world
And think, 'The last, last spring.'"

Two poets of fourteen this time: Angus M. Berry, who closes his interesting poem with:

Nothing so gay as our own happy spring,
With the greenest of leaves, and birds on the wing.
Its days are now numbered, this century dear,
So good-by to the spring, and good-by to the year.

While Emily Seymour Peck makes the old century rather sad:

"Well, well," said he, "I've had my turn;
The younger C. is stirring about.
Life's candles all must slowly burn
Unto the end, and then go out."

Arthur Edward Weld, who is sixteen, tells us of some good things brought by the nineteenth century:

We find he brought the bicycle, the steamboat, and the stamp,
The automobile, the motor-car, and the electric lamp,



BY MARGUERITE WELLS, AGE 12.

The telephone, the telegraph, and the pen of steel,
The sulphur match, St. NICHOLAS, and rubber-tired wheel.

And George Elliston, who is seventeen, closes this month's "gems" with these graceful and poetic stanzas:

The silent years, with ceaseless, noiseless tread,
On toward the vague and misty past have sped.
Each year of nineteen hundred years save one
Has felt its summer's and its winter's sun.

The flowers we pluck seem almost sacred things,
For they remind us of the long-dead springs.
Each breeze that, laden with perfume, flits free,
Whispers, "The last spring of the century."

TO NEW READERS.

It costs nothing to become a member of the St. Nicholas League. Any reader of the magazine, or any one desiring to become such, may join the League by sending their name and address on a stamped envelope. We will return it with a League badge and an instruction leaflet.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of "St. Nicholas," and every reader of "St. Nicholas" should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.



BY DANIEL LOW BRIDGEMAN, AGE 14.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

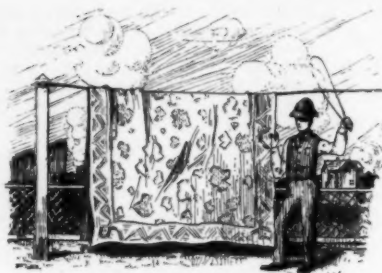
A LIST of those whose work, though not used, either wholly or in part, has yet been found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

George Harrison
E. Mabel Strang
M. B. Jervey
Hallie M. Prentis
Charles J. Osborne
Olga Abbott
Madeleine M. Formel
Grace Getlow
Margaret Randolph Taylor
Marion Faulkner
Florence C. Turner
Dorothea Seelberger
Shirley Willis
Sam Smart
Madeleine Rhoda McCormack
E. Kathleen Carrington
Katherine T. Bastedo
Elsie K. Wells
Havens Grant
Alice Karr
Harriet A. Ives
Elizabeth T. Rogers
Marguerite Stuart
Florence Fischer
Margery Johnson
David Aronberg
Dorothy Bull
Margaret W. Kettell
Helen King Stockton
Joe E. Bowron
Lillian Hendrix
Sybil Howell
Christine Payson
Frances Purviance Tilden
Theo. F. Moench
James Arthur Atwood, Jr.
Annie Dale Biddle
E. Louise Ferguson
Lydia Stokes
Bessie Stillians
Mabel Frank
Florence Hannegan
Edna A. Smith
Ruth A. Watson
Mabel B. Case

PROSE.

Florence Fenvessy
F. B. Wyatt
Thomas J. Hogan
Marcus B. Whitney
Helen Ferrer
Mayblossom Ayress
Helen C. Coombs
Horatio G. Winslow
Sadie J. Skinner
Ava L. Cochrane
Agatha E. Gruber
Margaret Claney
Loraine Sherman
Hepburn Michael
Goldie Skinner
Lucile E. Graham



BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 14.

Louis F. May
Florence Huntoon
Christine Hitchings
Elsie Lansing Graff
Mary Kent
Helen L. Macfarland
Julia B. Collier
Elizabeth M. Colgate
Dorothy Cleaveland
George Kenneth Donald
Marion L. Lally
Marie Thompson
Ruth Osgood
Lillie A. Fullerton
Elizabeth Duryee
Margarete Münsterburg

DRAWINGS.

Elsie Snow
Elizabeth Anderson
Florence Votey
Frank Baldwin
R. Palenske
W. Gilbert Sherman
Matilda Otto
Robert H. McKoy, Jr.

Fannie W. Carter
S. Jean Arnold
Perry Dunlap Smith
Warren H. Butler
John A. Wyeth
Paul B. Lanius
Thomas Buel
Gertrude Loving
Donald McMurry
Crittendon Newell
Katherine Kinsey
Beatrice Buel
Dorothy C. Cooper
Janet Golden
Julia May Allen
Theodore B. Parker
Grace Allen
George Merritt
Philip Jackson Carpenter
Jessica S. Green
J. Smith
Ruth Shoemaker
Roger M. Smith
Elsie Junge
Karl Keffer
Mary Eleanore George
Edward Baldwin



BY IDA E. JELLEMME.

Charlotte S. Woodford
Edward C. Stifler
Ethel M. Chamberlain
Jeannette Simon
Wilber Helm
Emily Aldrich
Helen M. Bissell
Edwina Louisa Keasbey
Ruth B. Hand
Katherine Varick
Marjorie Day

Marguerite E. Corwin
Emmy Nielson
Charles H. Ranes

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Langhorne H. Wister
Constance Addington
Dorothy Brown
Elizabeth Brown
John S. Perry
Thomas R. Pooley

Frank L. McManness
Philip T. Heartt
Frederic C. Smith
George H. Stewart, Jr.
Harry E. Wheeler
Larned V. P. Allen
Dora Call
Thomas A. Cox, Jr.
Adelaide T. Colhoun
Maude R. Kraus
Joseph Bates Champlin
Marjorie T. Clark
Lois P. Lehman
Elsie Martha Wolcott
Marion Howard
Ruth L. Jones
Violet Pierce
M. E. Frelinghuysen
Elizabeth Williams
John B. Sims, Jr.
Thomas MacIver
Welles L. Allen
Thomas B. Myers
Rose Kellogg
John McKee
John Mott
Anna C. Biggert
Samuel M. Janney, Jr.
L. Rogers MacVeagh
Alleine Langford

PUZZLES.

J. Fontaine Johnson
Jessie Day
Mary A. Hogan
Ruth Allaire
Frederic Cozzens Fitz-Randolph
Hildegard Goldschmidt
Will O. Jelleme
Roger F. Hollick
Elisabeth Perot
Walter S. Meyers
Hadwen Case Barney
Eleanor Malone
Elizabeth Coolidge
Shelley E. Bennett
Ona Kraft
Ruth Kendall
Elizabeth James
Janette Dinkelspiel
Gladys Greene
Caroline D. Simpson
Mildred M. E. Okert
Robert W. Wilson
Howard Rollin Patch
Katherine Forbes Liddell
Jack Hayden
Stella Weinstein
Mary L. Ware
Elizabeth Roper
Harold Dowling
Philip Macbride
Harold C. Payson
Kenneth Widdemer
Bertha W. Steinacker
Paul P. Caruthers
Robert Hammatt
Evelyn L. Doughty
Janet Ritchie

The prize puzzles and list of puzzle-answerers will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

CHAPTERS.

IN forming chapters the secretary chosen may have the badges all come in one package, thus saving labor and postage. To school-teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent postpaid, free of charge. Many teachers have assisted in forming chapters, and the following is a sample of a number of letters received:

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: In accordance with your offer to teachers, I write for sample League badges and instructions. If possible, please send me a dozen or more copies of the latter to post on our bulletin-boards. I am heartily in sympathy with the work ST. NICHOLAS is doing, and hope to be able to form several chapters in our juvenile Department.

Yours sincerely,

IRENE EARLL,

Superintendent Juvenile Department.

No. 68. Mary P. Gardner, President and Secretary; three members. Address, Hubbard Park, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

No. 69. Henry Faivre, President; Lawrence R. Patterson, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 395 East Tenth Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Chapter 69 will collect five cents a week from each member to buy interesting books.

No. 70. Ralph Crum, President; Junior Butts, Secretary; five members. Address, 131 Academy Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.

No. 71. Violet Patton, President; Arthur Remington, Secretary; thirty-five members. Address, Omaha View School, Omaha, Nebraska.

No. 72. Forty members. Officers not reported. Address, Professor S. H. Butterfield's School, Burbank, California.

No. 73. Twenty-two members. Officers not reported. Address, F. F. Showers, Superintendent Antigo Public Schools, Antigo, Wisconsin.

No. 74. Kelley Davies, President; Ellsworth Gorsuch, Secretary; four members. Address, Gambia, Ohio.

Chapter 74 meets in a building of its own, and will have a nice banner for special occasions.

No. 75. Frances Burket, President; Wallace Wright, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Forest Glen, Maryland.



BY CARLETON BURE, AGE 8.

No. 76. Dabney Minor, President; Christine Colum, Secretary; ten members. Address, 802 Woodland Street, Nashville, Tennessee.

No. 77. Donald M. Dey, President; Roy Cheney, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 201 De Witt Road, Syracuse, New York.

No. 78. Rosalie Sampson, President; Elizabeth P. Logan, Secretary; seven members. Address, Shelbyville, Kentucky.

No. 79. Milton Rosenfield, President; Wallace Bunnell, Secretary; four members. Address, 148 North Division Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

No. 80. Mayblossom Ayres, President; Joe Miller, Secretary; six members. Address, 82 Walnut Avenue, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

No. 81. Jennie Riggs, President; Vera Ingram, Secretary; seven members. Address, Mount Ayr, Iowa.

The secretary of this chapter says: "If we do not win prizes, we will, at least, have a good time at our meetings." That is the right spirit, exactly.

No. 82. Ruth Dewey, President; Joe Beem, Secretary; ten members. Address, 311 Court Avenue, Marengo, Iowa.

The mothers of Chapter 82 have been made honorary members, and are wearing League badges in memory of the days when they, too, were ST. NICHOLAS readers.

Chapter 35 reports that they have made their club a literary society, with games and goodies to make a pleasant evening. Chapter 62 has eighteen new members. Chapter 14 has adopted the name of the "Five Connecticut Nutmegs." Chapter 37 has now fourteen members. Perhaps a report of their program will be of interest to other chapters who are not quite certain as to how they should conduct their meetings. The secretary says:

"Our chapter meets every two weeks, and we have a regular program to follow. Each member must have either a piano or vocal solo, composition or select reading, or a sketch on some noted person's life.

"After every member has had something to do, we read ST. NICHOLAS awhile.

"At the closing of the meeting we distribute books, one to each member.

"All of these books are named in the lists which appear in the ST. NICHOLAS every month.

"Sometimes we invite big people to our meetings, and they go away very well satisfied."

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 9.

WE have had many requests that competitors be allowed to select their own subjects for drawings, poems, etc. This time we will allow them to do so. Competition No. 9 will close June 22. The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines.

PROSE. Not to contain over four hundred words.

DRAWING. India or very black ink on white, unruled paper.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Not to contain over



BY LOUIS DE RONDE, AGE 11.

twenty-four lines, and to be illustrated with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author.

ILLUSTRATED STORY OR ARTICLE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and to be illustrated with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun:

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York City.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE regret that, by an oversight, the illustrations to the verses, "A Song of Clothes-pins," in the April number, were credited to the author of the poem instead of to Miss M. T. Hart, the artist who made the drawings.

MOUNT SILINDA, EAST AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps the young people in America would like to know something about life in this land. We came here in 1894, after an eight months' journey from the Transvaal, and for the first three months we did not have any huts or houses to go into and had to stay in tents; and during that time we had thirty days' rain. But now I am in school at Mount Silinda, and came down from home on donkeys eighty miles, and we were five days on the way, and four nights we slept in the veldt. I have been here about two years already. I am yours truly, ELIZA DU PREEZ.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you something about Africa. We stayed in the Transvaal for ten years and then we came into Gazaland. We came in December, 1894, and after we came here we had rain for thirty days, and in all that time we saw the sun about four times. It is very cold in June, but in January and March it is very hot. We live in huts with mud floors; if it rains for about a week, then the whole hut will be wet inside and takes about a week to get dry again. I am in school at the mission station. This is my second year of school. When we went home in long vacation, a lion passed our hut in the night. He followed some wagons that went out to Umtali. That same night he walked eighteen miles. He passed one of our cows that was feeding along the road, and did not touch her. It made me think of Daniel in the lions' den. I am yours truly,

HESTER E. DU PREEZ.

MOUNT SILINDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We came to Gazaland in 1893 from the Orange Free State. When we first came into this country we stayed at my uncle's farm. The tent of our wagon was taken off and put on eight blocks of wood for us to live in. All the things we had were put under the tent, the big things on the outside. After two weeks we started for our farm with the weak oxen. But there was a big and steep mountain. When the wagon reached the foot of the mountain, the oxen came to a standstill. But my father had a small cart. We put on eight oxen and so got the things to our farm. We stayed in a forest, with the wagon-sail for a tent. It was shaky and dirty. After that we had thirty days of rain. Now I live in a small town. The telegraph goes from Umtali to Melsetter, the town in which I live. My father has a shop. There is a railroad from Umtali to Beira. Now I am at an American school.

Yours truly, REGINALD CANNELL.

CHEVY CHASE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and a half. I am eleven years old.

I go to a French school here (it is not a school-house, because it is the "Chevy Chase Inn" in summer).

One summer a little boy left his goat there, and of course we children had great fun with it. It used to come up on the porch and "butt" any one it could, and one day it "butted" the music-teacher, and she cried, "Aidez moi!" and hit at the goat with her umbrella, and the goat hit at her dress.

As it is a girls' school, it seems funny, but there is one boy there, and of course we all pet him very much.

My favorite stories are "The Story of Betty," "Quick-silver Sue," "With the Rough Riders," and "Denise and Ned Toodles."

It is very cool here, as it is five miles from the "White House," right in the country.

I remain your interested reader,

ESTHER P. DENNY (only child).

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about my trip to Yosemite Valley. We camped out all the way, and stopped over at the Calaveras Big Trees, a large grove of immense redwood trees. There was snow in some places, and we snowballed, which was new to us. After a stop of two days we went on. When we got on the summit we saw more snow and four deer. It was in National Park, and we could n't shoot them. It was very steep going into the valley. When we got into the valley papa saw a rattlesnake, and killed it. We camped near the river in a very pleasant spot. Mama went up four miles to a place called Glacier Point. We all went up a trail to Vernal Falls and also to Nevada Falls.

In the evening we could feel the spray of Yosemite Falls on our faces, we were so near it. There is a fall in the valley named Bridal Veil. In the afternoon it changes color. It is beautiful.

We had a lovely trip. There were Indians in the valley close to us. There were only twenty of their tribe left. There was an old Indian woman. I should think she was a hundred years old. She did not know her age.

I love to read your magazine. I get it from my aunt.

Your loving reader,

ELINOR L. FRANKLIN.

JACKSON, N. C.

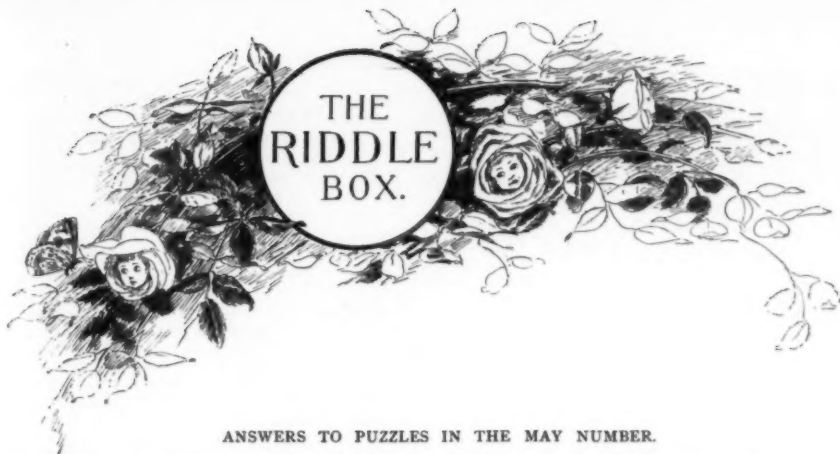
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine. I am seven years old. I go to school. I am reading the First Reader. I have a little sister, and I like to go to school. I must tell you about my puppy. He is white and has a black spot over his eye. We have a horse; he is cream-colored. I have a pig. She has six little pigs. My little sister has one large pig. My little sister is two years old and is named Ellen.

I am your affectionate friend,

CAMILLA ALLYN MOORE.

WE thank the friends whose names are here printed for their pleasant letters, and regret that we have no space to show the letters to our readers.

Marion and Elinor Abbot, Emilia P. Brown, Katharine Butler, Mildred Baldwin, Sybil P. Bernard, Alfred Bransford, Kris Bemis, Elisa and Robert Candor, A. Marguerite C., Edward Curtis, Edith F. Cornell, Mary Craighead, Alma Ecke, Lilian and George Endicott, Richard Seymour Hay, Lois P. Hill, Chester D. Heywood, Elisabeth Hayne, Rita Hyman, Virginia Hatch, Philip C. Irwin, Katharine and Mary Jane-way, Catherine E. Kraay, Frances Kanke, Alice Kobbé, Arthur Lord, Harold Loeb, Jessie La Wall, Katharine McFuer, Margaret S. N., Sarah Parker, Emily Noyes Richardson, Louise Reese, Etke Ringgold, Victor Riesnfeld, "Rose," Isabel Randolph, Rosamond Sergeant, Edna Smith, Helen Ives S., Hilda Scothan, Robert M. Stone-sifer, Lewis A. Thompson, Bayard Tuckerman, H. H. Tryon, Mary A. B. Williamson, Edward H. Wardwell, Lizzie M. Walrath.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Buttercups. 1. Ball. 2. Cube. 3. Gate. 4. Cent. 5. Eyes. 6. Drum. 7. Cake. 8. Mugs. 9. Cape. 10. Pots.

AMPUTATIONS. 1. Band. 2. Part-y. 3. Kite. 4. Wish. 5. S-to-p. 6. T-win-e. 7. O-the-r. 8. P-art-y. 9. Court. 10. T-wit-a. 11. S-to-p. 12. F-use-s. 13. Fife. 14. S-care-a. 15. A-we-s. 16. L-ever-s. 17. Stake-s. 18. O-we-s. 19. N-aught-s. 20. K-not-s. 21. S-often-s. 22. C-lose-s.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Second row, Arbutus; fourth row, Anemone. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Cabalist. 2. Trenches. 3. Ablegate. 4. Augments. 5. Attorney. 6. Funniest. 7. Assented.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Trillium. 1. Lettuce. 2. Detract. 3. Desired. 4. Holland. 5. Shallow. 6. Braided. 7. Brought. 8. Diamond. — CHARADE. Cicero.

SPRING NUMERICAL ENIGMA. 1 to 5, maple; 6 to 12, arbutus; 13 to 19, dogwood; 20 to 26, cowslip; 27 to 31, bluet.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Wamba. 2. Abeam. 3. Meute. 4. Bathe. 5. Amerc.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from M. McG. — Charles S. Durfee — Joe Carlada — Gladys Gaylord — "The Thayer Co." — Marjorie and Caspar — Eleanor Cowan — Harry McCall — Sumner Ford — Beulah Myrtle Innis — Weston O'B. Harding — Mary Ruth Hutchinson — Theodora B. Dennis — Mary Windsor Dow — Edith Lewis Lauer — Allie and Adi — The Spencers — Musgrave Hyde — Nessie and Freddie — "Columbine Rocks" — Kathrine Forbes Liddell — Helen and Liddy — Mary Lester Brigham — Helen Stroud — Hildegarde G. — Ryan Hyde Dart.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from G. Cavanaugh, 2 — F. F. Shoemaker, 1 — W. and E. M. Hurry, 3 — F. Charles, 1 — F. L. Rogers, 1 — F. A. Harding, 1 — C. Freeman, 1 — P. Gardner, 1 — M. Naseth, 1 — R. Dows, 1 — E. and M. Neely, 2 — G. B. Schneider, 3 — A. E. Foster, 1 — G. W. Shillingford, 1 — M. Williams, 1 — A. S. Whitlock, 2 — C. Oakley, 1 — N. P. Shaw, 1 — R. K. Haas, 1 — G. Wickersham, 1 — H. Messersmith, 1 — W. S. Riley, 1 — J. A. Webb, 1 — F. W. Murray, 1 — L. Powers, 2 — G. Endicott, 1 — J. L. Keely, 1 — L. Quarles, 2 — K. B. Day, 1 — E. Jones, 1 — Walter Erlenkötter, 8 — Ethel Luster, 2 — B. Reynolds, 1 — E. F. Keisker, 1 — Ruth A. Bliss, 4 — H. W. Hollister, 2 — C. M. Penn, 1 — M. Thompson, 1 — Charles J. Osborne, 4 — Mary J. Mapes, 8 — A. C. Pearsall, 1 — Vera Sharp, 4 — Florence and Edna, 5 — "Law and Co.," 3 — Faith S. Chapman, 5 — Caroline H. Walker, 4 — Philip Beebe, 8 — A. L. Cunningham, 1 — Dorothy Smith, 8 — Ruth W. Kendrick, 8 — Virginia Gaylord, 8 — F. H. Cook, 2 — Ethel C. Breed, 5 — Ruth A. Bliss, 2 — V. D. Coyle, 1 — Percy Whitlock, 5 — Ethel Buchenberger, 5 — H. Brailsford, 1 — J. F. Karslen, 1 — "Bird, Henn, and Tommy," 8 — K. Donald, 7 — "Trilby, Paddy, and Micky," 8 — L. Montgomery, 1 — L. Suilwell, 6 — I. Baer, 1 — H. G. Lord, Jr., 1 — F. H. Twyeflost, 1 — S. P. Embury, 1 — Marguerite Sturdy, 8 — M. A. Ryerson, 3 — M. W. J., 7 — D. McCormick, 1 — K. Ahlstrom, 2 — E. I. Snow, 2 — R. Blacker, 1 — S. Jean Arnold, 5 — A. Webster, 1 — E. A. Ryder, 1 — A. Loomis, 1 — O. Jimenis, 2 — K. Gratz, 1 — Mike and Beppo, 7 — "Temgon and Dodo," 5 — G. W. Calhoun, 2 — Ruth L. Walker, 3 — Barbara E. Smythe, 8 — Dorothea J. Brotherton, 8 — I. and S. Ramsey, 8 — C. E. Cunneen, 3 — Matulafe, 4 — S. North, 1 — Louise Elder, 5 — J. and M. Thomas, 6 — No name, Philadelphia, 1 — B. M. Burke, 3 — V. Hatch, 1 — D. Carpenter, 1 — No name, Union City, 1 — "Jack-in-the-Box," 8 — M. Monteith, 1 — G. B. Dyer, 6.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EVERY word described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of something that many scholars look forward to in June.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To start. 2. Vehicles. 3. A level stretch of ground. 4. A cup-like spoon. 5. An early spring flower. 6. To pursue. 7. A fire-producer. 8. Belief. 9. Fat. 10. A sweet substance.

MARIE H. WHITMAN.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in steep, but not in hilly;
My second in rose, but not in lily;
My third is in gain, but not in loss;
My fourth is in fern, but not in moss;
My fifth is in moss, but not in mold;
My sixth is in silver, but not in gold;
My seventh in rain, but not in dew;
My eighth is in captain, but not in crew;
My last is in ruler, but not in state;
My whole is a famous place, of late.



FLORAL PUZZLE.



FROM 6 TO 1 (seven letters), the surname of an English court jester who died about 1580; from 6 to 5, a written record; from 7 to 1, the name of Lowell's home in Cambridge; from 7 to 2, the sister of Orestes; from 8 to 1, King of the Belgians from 1831 to 1865; from 8 to 2, an estuary between Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; from 9 to 2, a region on the western coast of the Balkan peninsula; from 9 to 3, in ancient history, a Ligurian tribe which dwelt in northwestern Italy, on the Gulf of Genoa; from 10 to 2, the leading Roman statesman of the reign of Augustus; from 10 to 3, the surname of a celebrated Italian dramatist; from 11 to 3, the surname of a German composer and conductor; from 11 to 4, the central or material portion; from 12 to 3, a famous Russian novelist and social reformer; from 12 to 4, the archer-fish; from 13 to 4, the surname of an American novelist; from 13 to 5, concord; from 14 to 4, the hero of a great epic poem; from 14 to 5, a South American republic; from 15 to 5, an English poet laureate; from 15 to 1, adorned with historical pictures.

FROM 6 TO 15, a yellow flower; from 1 to 5, a very common flower.

M. B. CARY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My primals name what will bring happiness in June to most League members; and my finals, what will make a few of them happy.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Legal. 2. A legal term meaning "at some other place." 3. To crunch. 4. To make void. 5. A prohibition. 6. The Mohammedan religion. 7. A musical drama. 8. Mars.

CHARLES JARVIS HARRIMAN.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a book that has been famous for a long time.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large book. 2. A means of

conveyance. 3. A timid animal. 4. One of the United States. 5. One of the characters found in the book named by the zigzag. 6. The first man. 7. A kind of apple. 8. Christmas-tide. 9. Painful. 10. A famous battle fought in 1796. 11. A favor. 12. Utilized. 13. A beautiful flower. 14. A heavenly body. 15. Lines of light. 16. To salute with the lips. 17. A famous square in London, south of Oxford Street. 18. A certain quantity. 19. A common fruit. "ITALY."

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer is a quotation from "Hamlet," and contains fifty-six letters.

A 17-23-29-45-13-19-7-4-56 went out to 17-28-47-14
With 19-13-13-26 and 30-43-38-40 and 22-15-24-13;
His luck was all that he could 3-49-47-1;
"This 5-42-39-19-10," said he, "is 17-46-44-13."

But soon his 53-27-51-13 was turned to 3-35-51,
For it began to 19-31-55-9;
And to reach 5-30-2-37-36-51-19 he must 19-18-3
With 20-32-21 his 16-23-53-1-10 and 7-52-49-34.

"6-33-54-47!" said he, "no 42-35-19-10 is 44-2-8-19,
36-14-38-41-53-1 speedily I'm 19-43-3-55-44-53;
And 't is so cold I really 17-13-8-19
That soon it will be 47-9-39-3-15-24-53.

"And if my 29-50-28-17-17 should spring a 48-51-20-50
My terror would be 53-19-13-8-36;
There's no one nigh to hear my 29-14-19-55-13-12
And save me from my 17-11-36-51."

But soon he safely reached the 5-30-43-19-13
And homeward trudged at 48-25-29-10;
Gladly he threw aside his 35-11-19;
His perils all were 42-4-47-36.

CAROLYN WELLS.

DIAGONAL.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Simpler. 2. A soapy froth. 3. Quicker. 4. To beat with successive blows. 5. Commanded. 6. Trouble.

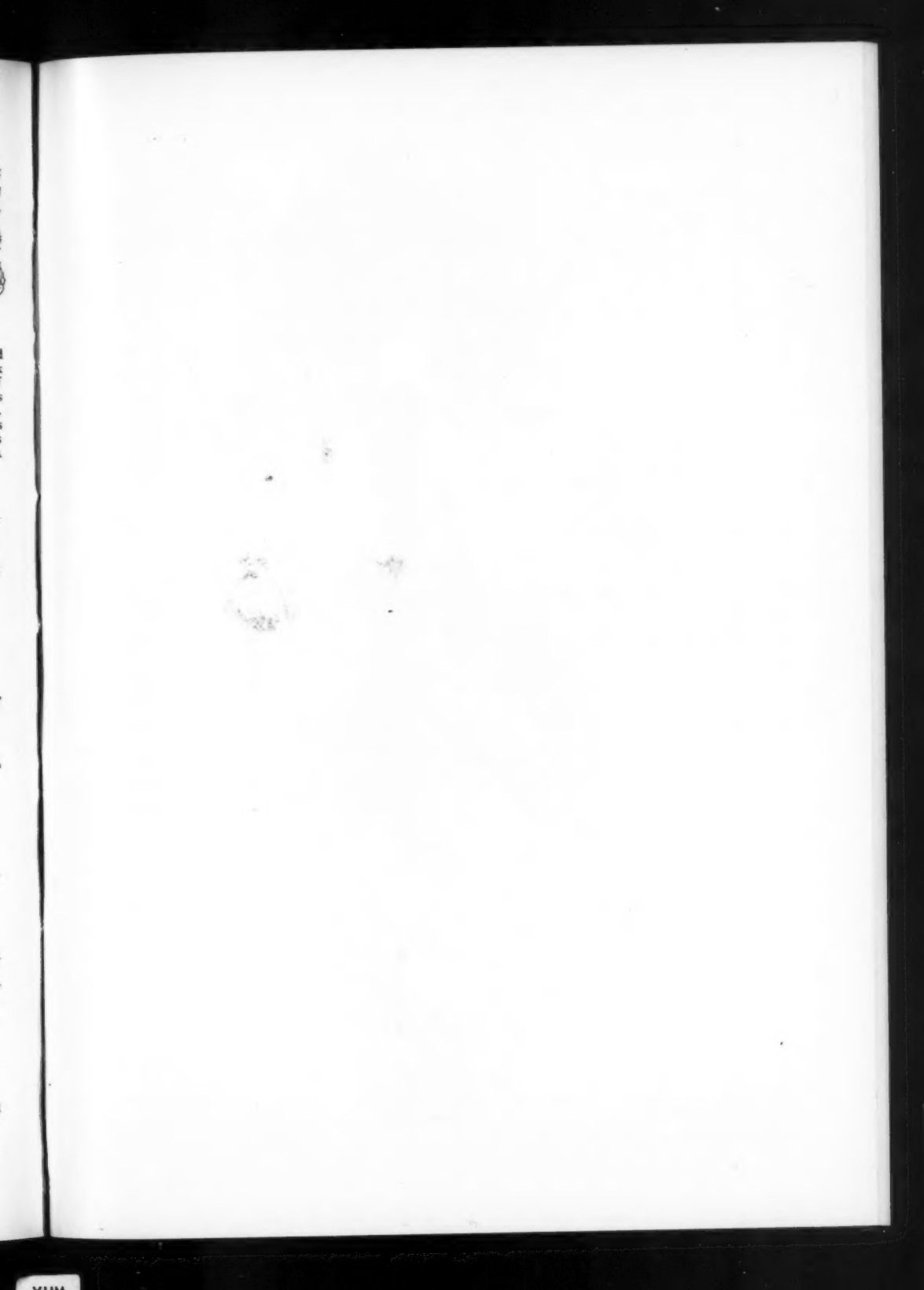
The diagonal from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a holiday.

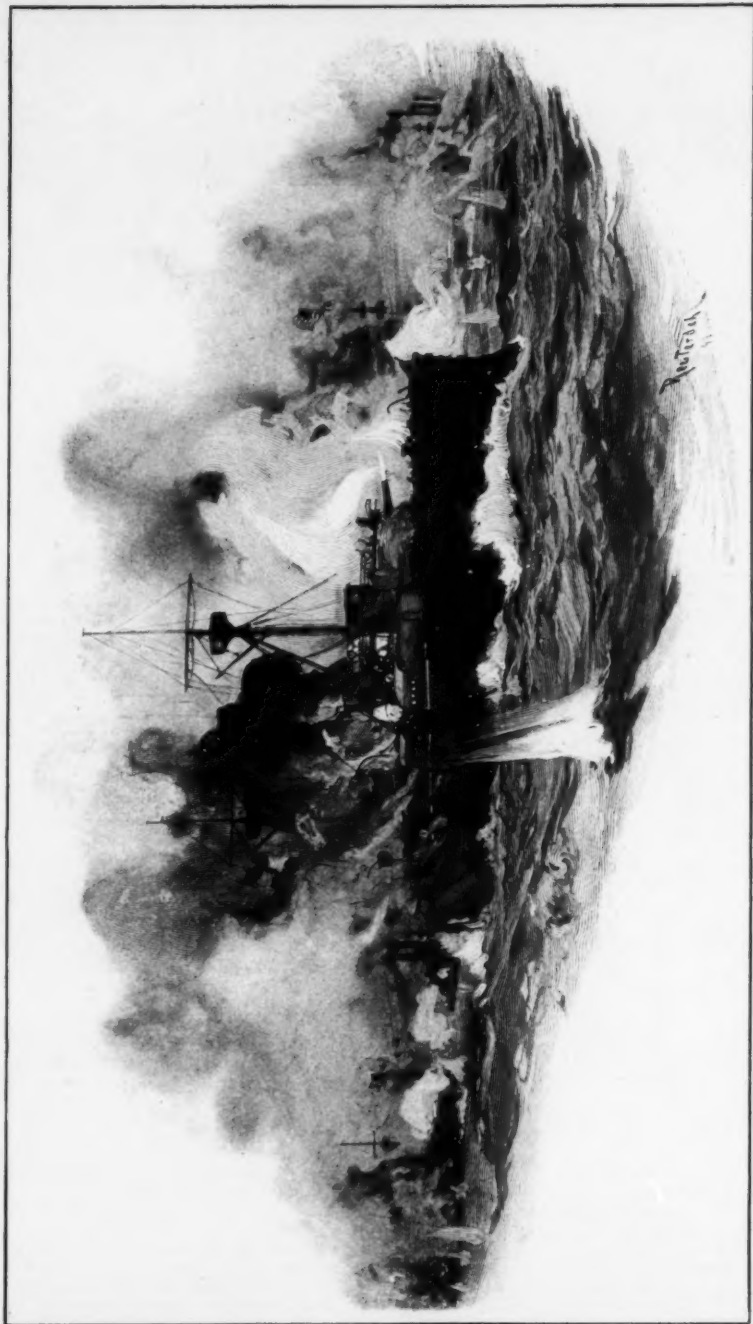
J. O.

CHARADE.

My first can write a charming little ballad,
A story, or a sermon, if you wish;
My last you use—well, not in making salad,
But creamy soup, or sauce for dainty fish.
My whole you feel when you've been snubbed or slighted
By the dear friend you love the very best,
Or when a puzzle, carefully indited,
Comes back with "We regret"—you know the rest.

M. E. FLOYD.





DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH CRUISERS OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3, 1898.

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